# THE Nation.

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☐ GOING AFTER GOLDMAN
CHRISTOPHER HAYES

1. COUNTING
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2. ON THE
CHANGING FACE OF AMERICA?
3. CENSUS

MAY 17, 2010
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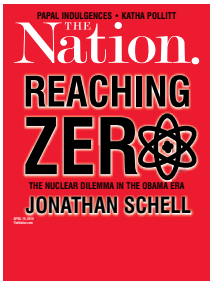
# Letters




## Nuclear Arms and the Man

Cincinnati

Jonathan Schell, in "Reaching Zero" [April 19], describes very well the theoretical illogic of the arms race, but there are more practical, immediate reasons to oppose proliferation. During the past sixty years the United States has spent more than $7 trillion on nuclear weapons production, much of it without taxpayer or Congressional oversight. We have accumulated dangerous nuclear waste, which we don't know what to do with and which will be a threat for thousands of years. Those who worked at production plants and those who lived nearby have experienced high cancer rates. Any government that continues to build nuclear weapons, knowing their danger, is in effect using them against its own people and the planet itself.

Carol Rainey

## Mary Jane Got a New Set of Laws

Federal Prison Camp, Jesup, Ga.

How legalization will affect small pot growers depends on the types of regulation states choose [Alexander Cockburn, "Marijuana, Boom and Bust," April 19]. For instance, under the medical marijuana law in Michigan a grower is limited to growing for himself and five patients—seventy-two plants (twelve per person). Clearly, legalization will take the big money out of small operations. Unlike the booze industry, however, I don't see the centralization. Even with much of the alcohol industry centralized, there remains a market for small wineries and beer microbrewers. Small growers who are good will always have a niche.

Besides the ballot measure in California, legalization will be on the ballot in Oregon and Washington, if all works out. It's interesting to note that when Montanans legalized medical marijuana in 2004, George W. Bush received around 60 percent of their vote; but marijuana outpolled him. Flash-forward four years. Obama took Michigan with around 60 percent of the vote. Medical marijuana outpolled him as well! When are the politicians going to crunch the numbers on this one?

Harold Baranoff

Desert Hot Springs, Calif.

I disagree that legalization in California will drive down prices. I think demand will skyrocket. People who already buy for medical reasons will probably retain their current level of consumption. But many who ingest pharmaceuticals will test-drive cannabis and switch. People who sampled pot recreationally but turned to alcohol because of legality issues will get high instead of drunk. Pent-up demand plus first-in-the-market status will make California a destination for college educations, vacations and retirement. Who's worried? Probably the Mexican drug cartels. Who should worry? The Bureau of Alcohol, Tobacco and Firearms; Homeland Security; and the Postal Service. The tax revenue will relieve much of the state's $25 billion budget deficit. And guess what Californians will be sending out for Christmas!

Earl Nissen

Alexandria, Va.

Marijuana is worse for the lungs, heart and brain than cigarettes. It is teeming with bacteria, viruses and fungi. Pure heroin—which the marijuana apostles demonize while portraying pot as a safe "soft" drug—just causes constipation and dizziness.

Mark Scott Oller

## Hilberg & Arendt: It's Complicated

Clinton, N.Y.

Nathaniel Popper's thorough, nuanced, intellectually brilliant and morally serious journalistic investigation of the complicated personal and historiographical relationship between Raul Hilberg's *The Destruction of the European Jews* and Hannah Arendt's *Eichmann in Jerusalem* reminds me why I've been a loyal *Nation* reader for the past four decades and will (I hope)

(continued on page 24)

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# Arizona Burning

If the human consequences weren't so dire, immigrant advocates might be grateful to Arizona's Republican governor, Jan Brewer, for signing into law a measure draconian enough to awaken the nation's slumbering conscience on immigration. The new statute (SB1070), requiring law enforcement officials to arrest those who cannot immediately prove they are in the country legally, has been widely condemned for creating a police state. In practice, the law will make brown skin grounds for suspicion—raising concerns about racial profiling not just from constitutional lawyers and immigrants' rights activists but from religious leaders like Cardinal Roger Mahony and Republicans like Florida's Marco Rubio and the *Washington Post*'s Michael Gerson.

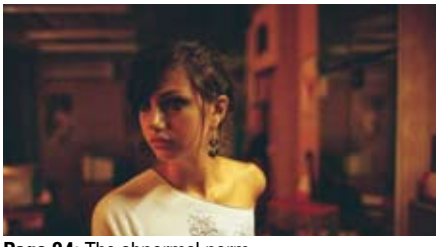
EDITORIAL

President Obama called the law "misguided," saying it could "undermine basic notions of fairness that we cherish as Americans, as well as the trust between police and our communities." Like the infamous Sensenbrenner bill, which sparked one of the biggest demonstrations in US history in 2006, the Arizona measure has enraged Latinos, documented and undocumented alike. Latino groups, together with members of the San Francisco city government and Tucson Democrat Raúl Grijalva, are calling for a boycott of the state, targeting its lucrative tourism and convention sector.

The moral outcry should not stop at Arizona's borders. The only way to assure that copycat laws don't pass in Texas, Ohio or Colorado, where they are being tossed around, is to solve the problem federally. Indeed, as Obama has noted, it is the vacuum at the federal level that created the space for the Arizona law to emerge. The president should be applauded for his swift response, but why did it take such a flagrant abuse of immigrants' rights to focus the administration's attention on the issue? Not only has the White House delayed the push for immigration reform—one of Obama's campaign promises—its Department of Homeland Security continues to deputize police officers to enforce dysfunctional federal immigration policies, raid businesses and deport thousands of immigrants; this year it's on track to hit 400,000 deportations, the same as last year, exceeding the Bush administration's 2008 record.

It's long past time for the change we were told to believe in. Beyond challenging the Arizona law for usurping federal authority and refusing to deport its victims, the administration should champion a comprehensive immigration bill that creates a clear path to citizenship for the country's 12 million undocumented residents. These immigrants work in essential industries and pay taxes, contributing to our economy and society—some analysts estimate that Arizona would lose more than $26 billion if all undocumented people were removed from the state. And yet they are at best officially neglected and at worst scapegoated, their families divided and their communities terrorized.

This untenable status quo should be replaced by a policy that makes economic, social and moral sense, one that acknowledges that millions of immigrants want to work and live in a country that needs their energy. There will be pushback, and some Democrats may have to take risks. But there are also gains to be had; Harry Reid and other vulnerable Democrats are well aware that they need strong turnout from Latino voters if they are to hold on to their seats. Regardless of the political calculus for Democrats, though, what should be more than clear by now, thanks to Arizona, is that allowing immigration policy to be defined by demagogues is simply not an option.



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# Goners

Until last week, I'd never heard of "IBGYBG." But during the Senate Permanent Subcommittee on Investigations' eye-opening hearings into ratings agency malfeasance, former Moody's senior credit officer Richard Michalek introduced me to it while testifying about the perverse incentives that dominated the industry. On the investment bank side, he said, bankers were looking to score the one-time fee from whatever securitization deal they were asking the agency to rate, and move on to the next deal. The incentives for the bank, Michalek said in prepared testimony, were clear: "get the deal closed, and if there's a problem later on, it was just another case of IBGYBG—I'll be gone, you'll be gone."

Michalek says he first heard the phrase from "an investment banker who was running out of patience" with his "insistence on a detailed review of the documentation."

"I'll be gone, you'll be gone," a revealing piece of banker slang, and as succinct an expression of the logic of looting as you'll find. Imagine you and a friend encounter an unlocked BMW on a deserted street with a shiny new iPad on the back seat. And imagine how horrified you'd be if your friend suggested you grab the device and jet, since, well, "I'll be gone, you'll be gone."

It's unclear whether the legal analogy holds in this case, but whether or not laws were broken, there is a dawning realization that we've been robbed.

It reminds me of the way the debate unfolded in the wake of the Iraq War. When it became clear that Iraq had no WMDs, the mainstream understanding of the debacle was as a good-faith error in judgment. "We were heroes in error," as Ahmad Chalabi reportedly said. But as journalists dug into the subterfuge and manipulation of intelligence, it was soon undeniable that the war was born not of a good-faith error but of fraud and deception, a determined effort to persuade Americans of a set of premises that the White House knew, or had every opportunity to know, were false. We began to see the perpetrators as venal rather than merely stupid, corrupt instead of simply incompetent.

We're in the midst of a similar progression in our collective understanding of the financial crisis. The earliest chronicles of the meltdown tended to portray it as a tale of groupthink and mania, of hubris and shortsightedness: all these smart people got it wrong! And while that's certainly true for many, it grows clearer by the day that a lot of people on Wall Street realized early on that the entire enterprise was headed for a crash and responded by smashing and grabbing all they could carry.

Sitting just a few feet from Lehman Brothers' Dick Fuld at a recent House Financial Services Committee hearing, criminologist and regulator Bill Black made this point bluntly. "Lehman's failure is a story, in large part, of fraud," he pronounced as Fuld stared impassively ahead. "And it is fraud that begins at the absolute latest in 2001."

The SEC's complaint against Goldman Sachs for peddling CDOs that had been designed to fail has attracted the most press attention, but similar accounts are strewn throughout the post-crash landscape. There are the ratings agencies' e-mails, revealed by the Senate investigations subcommittee (which has used its

# Noted.

**WALK ON WALL STREET:** As the Senate took up debate on the financial reform package and "**Fabulous Fab**," the Goldman Sachs trader at the heart of the SEC's recent charges, testified under oath on Capitol Hill, thousands of folks fed up with Wall Street bailouts and bonuses took to the streets.

Hundreds of clergy, workers and community allies staged a procession through downtown San Francisco to the annual shareholders meeting at **Wells Fargo** to demand action on discriminatory lending. In Kansas City dozens demonstrated in the lobby of **QC Holdings**, a major payday lending company backed by **Bank of America**, chanting, "One, two, three, four; we don't want your loans no more!" Other actions were planned at a Bank of America shareholders meeting in Charlotte, North Carolina, and at **Goldman Sachs** in Chicago. The actions were being planned by a broad coalition led by the housing activists of **National People's Action**, along with the **AFL-CIO**, **PICO National Network** and **Americans for Financial Reform**.

The cap to the week was a rally in the belly of the beast planned for April 29, when thousands were expected to join AFL-CIO president **Richard Trumka** and **Michael Moore** on a march through the "crime scene" of the nation's financial district to demand our money back (in the form of a financial transaction tax). See showdowninamerica.org.

On May 15–17 the groups will take on the K Street lobbyists in Washington. The financial sector spent $1.4 million a day on lobbying expenses in 2009, and its 2010 tab could shatter all records. If you can't make it to these events to confront the looters in loafers, use the toll-free number (866) 544-7573, and tell your senator to end "too big to fail" by breaking up the banks, reining in derivatives and protecting consumers with an independent **Consumer Financial Protection Agency**. MARY BOTTARI

**HONORING WALTER MOSLEY:** Los Angeles's **Liberty Hill Foundation** will honor **Walter Mosley** with its **Upton Sinclair Award** on May 20. Mosley, author of more than thirty books, is celebrated worldwide for his **Easy Rawlins** mysteries. Set in inner-city Los Angeles after World War II, they feature an out-of-work black war veteran who reluctantly becomes a private detective and confronts the city's racism and corrupt police force. The best-known volume is probably *Devil in a Blue Dress*, which was made into a film in 1995 starring **Denzel Washington** as Mosley's protagonist: "In a world divided by black and white, Easy Rawlins is about to cross the line."

"A lot of the stories and the sense of place in the Rawlins books come from a time and place that was my father's," Mosley told the *Los Angeles Times* last year. His father grew up in Texas and Louisiana, fought in World War II, then moved to Los Angeles. Mosley said the books in his new series—the most recent is *Known to Evil*—"are very much about me."

"Mosley is one of the most humane, insightful, powerful prose stylists working today in any genre," the *Austin Chronicle* recently declared, adding, "He's also one of the most radical." As a member of the editorial board of *The Nation*, Mosley conceived **Ten Things**, which he calls "a kind of do-it-yourself opinion and action device." The series includes "Ten Things You Need to Know to Live on the Streets":

> 1. Be prepared to be blamed for your circumstances, no matter how much they may be beyond your control.…
> 2. There is no private space to which you may retreat. You are on display 24/7. Learn to travel light.…

More than a dozen installments have appeared in the magazine.

Next for Mosley: an HBO pilot, based on his new detective series, *The Long Fall*, written with director **Jonathan Demme**.

The Liberty Hill Foundation has been funding community organizing in Los Angeles County for more than thirty years. Under the slogan "Change. Not charity," it seeks to "forge a common agenda for equality and opportunity." JON WIENER

**HIGHTOWER'S HISTORY:** More than a quarter-century ago, in the early years of the Reagan administration, a Texas editor named **Jim Hightower** emerged as one of the nation's edgiest and most politically savvy critics of trickle-down economics and free trade. As agriculture commissioner in the Lone Star State, Hightower argued that Democrats could win every economic debate—and just about every election—if they renewed their connection with an old-school populism that championed the interests and demands of a struggling majority. Hightower proved his point by winning statewide elections and by promoting an economic vision that would eventually be embraced by the Rev. **Jesse Jackson**'s Rainbow Coalition and rising Democratic stars like Minnesota Senator **Paul Wellstone**, Ohio Senator **Sherrod Brown** and Maryland Congresswoman **Donna Edwards**.

Unfortunately, the leadership of the Democratic Party still struggles to get the point. But Hightower, now a popular author and activist, keeps making it. His recent critiques of the corporate-sponsored tea party movement and its media allies challenge the vapid notion that just because people hold a rally they are populists. "The very essence of populism is its unrelenting focus on breaking the iron grip that big corporations have on our country—including on our economy, government, media, and environment," Hightower writes. "It is unabashedly a class movement. Try to squeeze Lord Limbaugh into that philosophical suit of clothes! He's just another right-wing, corporate-hugging, silk-tie elitist—an apologist for plutocracy, not a populist."

At a time when so many seem unable to distinguish between faux radicalism and the real thing, Hightower retains a clarity that distinguishes him from the vast majority of politicians and pundits. So there is much to celebrate in the news that **Texas State University, San Marcos**, has not just accepted but embraced the opportunity to house Hightower's archives in its **Wittliff Collections**. The school will host a day of festivities on May 1 to celebrate the Hightower papers, with music by the likes of **Jimmy Lafave** and the **Austin Lounge Lizards** and speeches by former Oklahoma senator and populist presidential candidate **Fred Harris** and former AFL-CIO national vice president **Linda Chavez-Thompson**. Of course, Hightower will add his oratory to the mix. This is, after all, a celebration of "the Living Spirit of Texas Populism," and Jim Hightower, as fierce and fiery as ever, is that and more. JOHN NICHOLS

subpoena power to great effect), that show employees adjusting their ratings of crap to please clients. "I spoke to Osmin earlier," one Moody employee wrote to a Chase banker, "and confirmed that Jason is looking into some adjustments to his methodology that should be a benefit to you folks [Chase]."

There's the bankruptcy report on Lehman showing that the firm engaged in an Enron-style, off-the-balance-sheet shell game with $50 billion in liabilities. Examiner Anton Valukas concluded that the shady accounting gave "rise to colorable claims against the senior officers who oversaw and certified misleading financial statements."

There's also the case of Countrywide Financial, once the nation's largest mortgage lender, whose top three officers are subject to an SEC suit for fraud and insider trading. From 2005 through 2007, while Countrywide assured its investors that it "managed credit risk through credit policy, underwriting, quality control and surveillance activities," its founder and CEO, Angelo Mozilo, was privately e-mailing his underlings about the swiftly declining underwriting standards at the firm. Of Countrywide's "pay-option" mortgages, which worked like credit cards with minimum payments, he wrote, "In all my years in the business, I have never seen a more toxic product." Many other examples have been brought to light, and no doubt thousands more are hiding in trash folders of traders up and down Wall Street.

Since looting is precipitated by a failure of the state, it occupies a somewhat hazy moral space: when the law has broken down, who's to judge those who seize all they can? In retrospect, the great bubble years have a kind of sick lawless euphoria to them. When the starving citizens of New Orleans grabbed food and water from supermarkets to survive, they were met with martial law. Those from Wall Street who have looted sums large enough to rebuild New Orleans from the ground up, however, have been spared the indignity of facing basic criminal sanctions.

That must change. On April 28 Marcy Kaptur sent a bipartisan letter from sixty-two House members calling on the Justice Department to begin a criminal investigation of Goldman Sachs.

About a year or so ago I attended a meeting of progressives discussing the financial crisis. One participant insisted loudly and with great agitation that we "need to put people in jail!" At the time I thought he was being theatrical and impetuous. But now I think he got it exactly right. CHRISTOPHER HAYES

## Calvin Trillin, Deadline Poet

### A Bipartisan Memo From Congress to Wall Street

It's understood by worldly folks.
To others it seems funny
That we pretend to hate your guts
But still accept your money.

# Garzón on Trial

When Spain's Supreme Court voted on March 25 to proceed with a case against investigative magistrate Baltasar Garzón for "judicial prevarication," or knowingly overstepping his judicial authority, it set the stage for a high-stakes battle in which the heirs of a violently repressive political party may well unseat a democratic judge for daring to take seriously the complaints of that same party's victims.

COMMENT

Garzón, 54, who sits on Spain's Criminal Court, has earned international fame for his groundbreaking, high-profile criminal cases against prominent figures across the political spectrum—from the late Chilean dictator Augusto Pinochet and Osama bin Laden to Basque terrorists and Bush administration officials. But the star judge now finds himself on the other side of the bench, facing a possible twenty-year suspension that in effect would end his career.

Brought against Garzón by extreme right-wing splinter groups, the case rests on arcane and nearly inscrutable legal minutiae, such as the lawfulness of indicting the dead or whether kidnappings from seventy years ago can be considered ongoing crimes, immune to a statute of limitations. In Spain's judicial system, investigative magistrates enjoy extraordinary autonomy, and they often function as both prosecutors and judges, choosing and building their own cases and assuming responsibility for everything from fact-gathering and interrogation to preventive detention. Taking full advantage of this autonomy in pursuing Spain's doctrine of universal jurisdiction—which stipulates that the nation's domestic courts may try foreigners for international crimes of unusual gravity regardless of where they were committed—Garzón has, in the past dozen years, further expanded the investigative magistrate's reach. In so doing he has revolutionized international law by redefining the terms of legal accountability for world leaders. His pioneering efforts have ensured, for example, that Donald Rumsfeld and Henry Kissinger have to think twice before boarding a plane to Europe.

But Garzón's boldness has also led Supreme Court Justice Luciano Varela to allege that the "superjudge," as he is often dubbed in the media, has overplayed his hand. This case asserts that Garzón exceeded his legal authority when, in October 2008, he began to investigate as crimes against humanity the torture, forced disappearance and murder of some 114,000 Spanish civilians by supporters of Gen. Francisco Franco during the country's civil war (1936–39) and the early years of Franco's dictatorship. The 1977 amnesty law that laid the foundation for Spain's peaceful transition to democracy after the general's death in 1975 had long prevented legal prosecution of such acts. But Garzón, who focused on the deeds of Franco and thirty-four members of the dictator's government, claimed that crimes against humanity were not covered by the country's "pact of forgetting."

Garzón began his inquiry in response to the pleas and legal briefs made by family members of Franco's victims, many of whose bodies still lie in unmarked graves throughout the country. In so doing he initiated an intricate legal game that is ultimately a proxy for the longstanding and divisive ideological battle over Spain's recent past. The charges against Garzón were

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Imagine a region in space where the force of gravity is so strong that nothing—not even light—can escape. A region with physical conditions so extreme that they have not yet been reproduced in any terrestrial laboratory. A region so dense that an object as tiny as a walnut would have the same mass as our entire planet.

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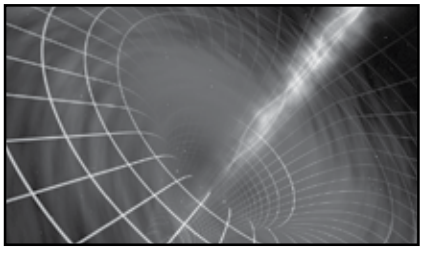

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### About Your Professor

Dr. Alex Filippenko is the Richard and Rhoda Goldman Distinguished Professor in the Physical Sciences at the University of California, Berkeley. A member of the National Academy of Sciences, Professor Filippenko is coauthor of *The Cosmos: Astronomy in the New Millennium*, winner of the Texty Excellence Award for best new textbook in the physical sciences.

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first brought by Manos Limpias (Clean Hands), an ultraconservative public-servant trade union created in 1995, largely to pose legal obstructions to investigations of Franco-era crimes. Another right-wing organization, the newly created Asociación Libertad e Identidad, soon became the second plaintiff. Any doubts about the case's political meaning, regardless of its legal complexity, were erased when the original plaintiffs were joined by the Falange Española, Franco's own Fascist (and the dictatorship's only legal) party, which in the 1930s and '40s was responsible for much of the killing denounced by Franco's victims.

Garzón is usually assigned a leftist role within Spain's internal disputes, but he has routinely irritated people of all political stripes. He is a postideological idealist, a legal crusader who in his own country tirelessly pursues corrupt socialists and conservatives alike and, beyond his national borders, defends Muslims tortured at Guantánamo while also confronting Al Qaeda.

It is no surprise that Spanish and international conservatives have displayed a visceral contempt toward Garzón, but the left, too, has tried to thwart his brand of judicial activism—especially when it threatens to embarrass those in power. Socialist Prime Minister José Luis Rodríguez Zapatero has resisted Garzón's efforts to try former Bush officials. The Obama administration, which has resisted similar efforts, seems to prefer forgetting past American misdeeds to opening politically inconvenient old wounds. Indeed, while NGOs such as Human Rights Watch and Amnesty International, and global judicial leaders ranging from Carla Del Ponte to Juan Guzmán Tapia, have come out in strong support of Garzón—as did tens of thousands of Spaniards in mass demonstrations on April 24—the US government has kept notably silent.

Whether the charge against Garzón will hold up remains to be seen. In a public letter to the Spanish attorney general, the American Bar Association suggested that "amnesties for crimes against humanity are inconsistent with a State's obligations to protect human rights, including the right of access to justice," and supported Garzón's case against the Francoists. Indeed, even if Garzón did exceed his jurisdiction in opening an investigation on behalf of Franco's victims, the Supreme Court's decision to prosecute him rather than simply strike down his decisions is unsettling and reveals the rot in Spain's judicial system. Because the country chose amnesty over accountability, Franco's institutions were left largely intact, and the courts were never fully cleansed. Several of the judges handling the charges against Garzón are in fact old enough to have sworn loyalty to the dictator.

Doubts about the Supreme Court's impartial handling of Garzón's case reached a new level on April 21, when Justice Varela, noting that the plaintiffs' briefs against Garzón included confusions of judgment and fact and unwarranted references to Garzón's personal life, did not dismiss the charges but instead sent the briefs back to the plaintiffs along with detailed instructions for editorial cleanup. Varela's stunning departure from judicial precedent led some legal experts to suspect that the Supreme Court, perhaps to avoid further international embarrassment, might be maneuvering to remove the Falange Española from the trial altogether—a suspicion seemingly confirmed two days later when Varela decided to expel the Falange as a plaintiff. On April 28 Varela announced that he is considering a request for his recusal from the case.

Regardless, for the time being, Garzón is suspended, his career in jeopardy, his future in doubt. But whether or not he practices law again, the outcome of his case—the very existence of which cautions any judge who would consider investigating the Franco years—will undoubtedly, and profoundly, affect those who have sought reparation in Spain. It will resonate far beyond Spain's borders as well, touching the lives of many more seeking justice around the world, for it bears directly on a fundamental moral dilemma whose resolution seems increasingly uncertain as the twenty-first century unfolds: to what extent can international treaties on human rights—not to mention broad global agreement about the importance of investigating crimes against humanity—be taken seriously?

Thirty-five years dead, with an already impressive array of victims, perhaps Franco isn't finished yet.

GEOFF PINGREE AND SEBASTIAAN FABER

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The SEC has filed a civil suit against Goldman Sachs for its role in exacerbating the subprime mortgage crisis. On this week's **The Breakdown** ("The SEC Has Charged Goldman Sachs With… What?"), Christopher Hayes discusses the case with economist Simon Johnson.

A complete Census count will help stabilize the economy over the next decade, writes Afton Branche in **Reaching the Hard-to-Count**. It's critical that everyone, including the undocumented, be counted.

Budget cuts and layoffs spurred protests at dozens of universities on March 4. In **An Educated, Escalated Movement**, Clarissa León asks, What's next for the student movement?

Rebecca Solnit reports on the good news about the otherwise very bad news on climate change, in **350 Degrees of Inseparability**.

Larry Summers, President Obama's top economic adviser, is awfully loose with the truth, writes William Greider in **Professor Pants-on-Fire**.

# Alexander Cockburn

## Nuclear Disarmament: A Major Defeat

Looking back on it, could there ever have been a glimmer of hope that the United States would adopt a "no first use" policy on nuclear weapons; concede that there is zero reason to maintain a full arsenal of strategic missiles and a fleet of bombers, on full alert to repel a Russian invasion of Europe; and start winding down the nuclear-industrial-scientific complex? Not really. It would be like expecting the single-payer approach to healthcare reform or strenuous regulation of the banking industry.

But for those who cheered President Obama's commitment, made in Prague a year ago and at the UN in September, that "we will reduce the role of nuclear weapons in our national security strategy," the Defense Department's Nuclear Posture Review, released on April 6, was a savage disappointment. The administration did not merely reassert the essential premises of US nuclear strategy but used the publication of the review and the subsequent Nuclear Security Summit in Washington as occasions to intensify the threats against North Korea and Iran. In the case of North Korea, Obama doomed any positive advances and reminded its leaders that America's preferred method of negotiation takes the form of eight nuclear submarines in the North Pacific within a twelve-minute range of Pyongyang. The crucial sentence in the review, insistently repeated by Obama, states that "the United States will not use or threaten to use nuclear weapons against non-nuclear weapons states that are party to the NPT and in compliance with their nuclear non-proliferation obligations." This is great news for the Holy See, Venezuela and Yemen, which along with 180-plus other nations have signed the Nuclear Non-Proliferation Treaty. And no, the president was not threatening to attack Israel, which has nuclear weapons but has not signed the NPT.

The US position is that the biggest nuclear threat in the world today comes from those who do not have nuclear weapons, or whose nuclear armory is diminutive to the point of invisibility, and that global security is properly vested in the hands of those who have substantial nuclear arsenals, starting with the only country that has actually dropped nuclear bombs—and indeed lost them (eleven in the case of the United States since 1945).

Here's how the ongoing commitment to "first use" is expressed in the review: "In the case of countries not covered by this assurance—states that possess nuclear weapons and states not in compliance with their nuclear non-proliferation obligations—there remains a narrow range of contingencies in which U.S. nuclear weapons may still play a role in deterring a conventional or CBW [chemical or biological weapons] attack against the United States or its allies and partners. The United States is therefore not prepared at the present time to adopt a universal policy that deterring nuclear attack is the sole purpose of nuclear weapons."

The US strategic nuclear triad will remain on action stations, ready to destroy the planet. The review concluded that "the current alert posture of U.S. strategic forces—with heavy bombers off full-time alert, nearly all ICBMs on alert, and a significant number of SSBNs at sea at any given time—should be maintained for the present." Forward-deployed US nuclear weapons in Europe will remain. Though Article VI of the NPT famously commits its signatories to "negotiations in good faith on effective measures relating to cessation of the nuclear arms race at an early date and to nuclear disarmament," heading toward a "Treaty on general and complete disarmament under strict and effective international control," the United States remains dedicated to "NATO's unique nuclear sharing arrangements under which non-nuclear members participate in nuclear planning and possess specially configured aircraft capable of delivering nuclear weapons."

As of 2005, the United States was providing about 180 tactical B61 nuclear bombs for use by Belgium, Germany, Italy, the Netherlands and Turkey under these NATO agreements. Articles I and II of the NPT prohibit the transfer of nuclear weapons to non-nuclear states. So why should countries under threat be asked to surrender the nuclear option when states under no such risk are supplied with nuclear bombs or missiles?

The deals extorted by the nuclear-industrial-scientific complex are starkly on display: "The U.S. nuclear stockpile must be supported by a modern physical infrastructure—comprised of the national security laboratories and a complex of supporting facilities.… Increased funding is needed for the Chemistry and Metallurgy Research Replacement Project at Los Alamos National Laboratory to replace the existing 50-year old facility, and to develop a new Uranium Processing Facility…in Oak Ridge, Tennessee."

What does this bode for START negotiations? The Russians, who are being asked to reduce their nuclear-force levels, can point not only to NATO's ongoing aggressive moves to establish bases surrounding their country but to the fact that this rehabbing of the US processing facilities is enhancing its capacity to produce plutonium and thus swiftly multiply its nuclear arsenal with a change in regime and hence of nuclear posture.

The cause of nuclear disarmament has sustained a very serious, albeit predictable defeat. The news will only get worse. Ahead lies the impending redraft of NATO's strategic concept, last reformulated in 1999: "The fundamental purpose of the nuclear forces of the Allies is political…to fulfill an essential role by ensuring uncertainty in the mind of any aggressor.… The supreme guarantee of the security of the Allies is provided by the strategic nuclear forces of the Alliance."

Ironic, is it not, to read these invocations of "security" amid the impending bankruptcies of Greece, Portugal, Spain and Ireland and the destruction of the euro, and as the unemployment lines grow steadily across the United States and Europe, oh-so-safe beneath the nuclear umbrella? ■

# Katha Pollitt

## Let Us (Not) Pray

Three cheers for US district judge Barbara Crabb, who on April 15 ruled the National Day of Prayer unconstitutional. And hurray for the plaintiffs over at the Freedom From Religion Foundation, the scrappy Wisconsin-based group that really, really believes in separation of church and state (full disclosure: I'm on the honorary board). And what, you may ask, is the National Day of Prayer? Like "under God" in the Pledge of Allegiance and "In God We Trust" on our dollar bills, the NDOP may sound like it goes back to the days of wigs and three-cornered hats; but it's actually a product of 1950s anticommunism, back when "communism" was usually modified by "godless." Billy Graham pushed for it as a way to promote "the Lord Jesus Christ"; Senator Absalom Robertson (father of Reverend Pat) introduced it in the Senate, citing "the corrosive forces of communism which seek simultaneously to destroy our democratic way of life and the faith in an Almighty God on which it is based"; and in 1952 President Truman signed Public Law 82-324, which directs the president to "set aside and proclaim a suitable day each year, other than a Sunday, as a National Day of Prayer, on which the people of the United States may turn to God in prayer and meditation at churches [*sic*], in groups, and as individuals." Always a Christian thing, for decades the NDOP has been firmly in the grip of Focus on the Family. The NDOP Task Force, chaired by Shirley Dobson, wife of FOTF founder James Dobson, organizes 30,000-40,000 events, culminating in the National Observance, in Washington. How Christian is it? In 2005 the Hindu American Foundation sought to join in and was rebuffed.

You'd think libertarians and tea partyers, who claim to oppose overweening government power, would adore Judge Crabb. Don't tread on me with your federal prayer mandate! But somehow, the government using its massive powers to promote prayer just doesn't grab them like the terrible injustice of someone other than themselves getting a government benefit. Sarah Palin was quick to weigh in with some typically tangled remarks: "Lest anyone try to convince you that God should be separated from the state, our founding fathers, they were believers," she told a gathering of Christian women. "Hearing any leader declare that America isn't a Christian nation…. It's mind-boggling to see some of our nation's actions recently, but politics truly is a topic for another day."

What part of "Congress shall make no law respecting an establishment of religion" does the Christian right not understand? Judge Crabb's ruling is an "assault on religious freedom," says Shirley Dobson, who is also upset that the Pentagon, which has collaborated with the NDOP Task Force, "melted like butter" when faced with criticism from the Military Religious Freedom Foundation and disinvited from its services Franklin Graham, son of Billy, who has made a specialty of calling Islam "evil" and "offensive," and telling Muslims that Christ died for their sins. "We at the National Day of Prayer Task Force ask the American people to defend the right to pray in the Pentagon," she writes on the Task Force website. In the topsy-turvy world of the Christian right, any restrictions on their collective sectarian power is a denial of individual rights. To reject a bigoted preacher is to deny "the right to pray." To end government-endorsed prayer is to ban all prayer. You might as well say that if we don't have a national bedtime—lights out at midnight, everyone!—the government is forcing us all to stay up forever. But not to worry: Franklin Graham will speak at the NDOP observance on Capitol Hill; President Obama is appealing Judge Crabb's decision; and, having issued an NDOP proclamation that mentioned God only once, visited Billy Graham at home in North Carolina for a personal prayer session. I'm not too down on Obama for that—maybe that's what a politician has to do in this country—but it's all very far from Christ's own advice in Matthew 6:6:

> But thou, when thou prayest, enter into thy closet, and when thou hast shut thy door, pray to thy Father which is in secret; and thy Father which seeth in secret shall reward thee openly.

Or as Thomas Jefferson put it: "Say nothing of my religion. It is known to myself and my God alone."

Speaking of the First Amendment, far be it from me to suggest that right-wing Christians are the only ones who don't seem to get it. On its website an American group called Revolution Muslim warned *South Park*'s Matt Stone and Trey Parker that they risk ending up murdered like Dutch filmmaker Theo van Gogh for an episode that mocks the ban on images of Muhammad by showing him wearing a bear costume. It would be easy to dismiss this marginal group as the Muslim equivalent of, say, the Westboro "God hates Fags" church, except that Islamist fanatics have killed or tried to kill quite a few people for words or art they found blasphemous. It's shocking that Comedy Central caved in and censored the episode. Just as it was shocking when Yale University Press deleted the illustrations from Jytte Klausen's study of the Danish Muhammad cartoon controversy, *The Cartoons That Shook the World*. And when Random House dropped *The Jewel of Medina*, Sherry Jones's novel about Muhammad's wife Aisha.

I'm not equating Muslim fanatics with right-wing Christians, except those who bomb and set fire to abortion clinics and kill providers (and whose violence has had much the same chilling effect on the medical community as Muslim violence has had on culture and communication). But there is a common thread. National prayers, violent threats to supposed blasphemers—what part of the First Amendment do our modern true believers not understand? ■

# 1. COUNTING → WILL THE 2010 TALLY REFLECT THE 2. ON THE CHANGING FACE OF AMERICA? 3. CENSUS

KAI WRIGHT

Even though Julia DeLeon has lived in Houston for more than half her life, built a business here, raised two daughters and is now helping to rear a toddler grandson, she doesn't exist—not statistically at least. DeLeon first moved to Houston in the 1980s. When she got sick while pregnant and an emergency room attendant refused to admit her because she's not a documented resident, she retreated to Guatemala. But DeLeon couldn't stay away. Her sister had lived here and was certain the town held opportunity. So she returned with her newborn, settled in at a friend's apartment in Southwest and started rebuilding her life.

If either the 1990 or 2000 Census crossed her mind amid all of this, she doesn't remember it. She wouldn't likely have participated, anyway. After all, she didn't even have a valid lease, let alone a valid visa. Standing up to be counted by federal officials wasn't high on her to-do list.

"I just make a little part in the corner where they grew up," DeLeon recalls of the apartment where she raised Evelyn DeLeon, now 21, and Sharon Garcia, 16. "I just try to find a way in the school, any program so they not just stuck in the house. Like, making the Girl Scouts, art classes, in the church—some kind of organization where they can go, and it's not costing me much and they learn something."

Now, having painstakingly built a successful house-cleaning business, DeLeon sits in her own living room and listens proudly as her daughters talk about the importance of finally "being counted" in the 2010 census. "I do it," she shrugs. "Ten years back, I was maybe afraid if they deport us—what happen with these two girls? But now, if something happen with me, it's not really a worry," she says, turning to Evelyn, who's been volunteering in an ad hoc campaign to encourage Census participation in the neighborhood. "She can support now."

That seemingly blasé statement represents a huge victory for the Census Bureau. The DeLeon family—working-class, urban people of color—is just the sort of household the bureau has struggled to count for decades. Census statisticians discovered in 1940 that they were undercounting blacks by as much as double-digit percentages. Decade after decade, as the overall count grew more accurate, a racial gap in undercounting held firm. When the bureau began measuring across all races and ethnicities in 1990, it found blacks, Latinos and Native Americans were all undercounted at more than double the national rate.

As a result, the nation's largest metro areas have also been consistently shorted in the decennial Census. The bureau keeps a list of characteristics that make it tough to enumerate a given tract: lots of renters, low household incomes, new immigrant communities, single-parent families and large populations of people of color, among others. The list informs a ranking of "hard-to-count areas" that's essentially a big-city roll call—Los Angeles County, Brooklyn, Chicago's Cook County and Houston's Harris County fill the top four spots this year.

As of late April, a familiar pattern was emerging with the 2010 Census. Just over 70 percent of the 134 million mailed questionnaires had been returned. Small, largely white counties in the Plains and Midwest were registering response rates of 80 percent and up. Barely half of DeLeon's neighborhood had responded, as was the case throughout Southwest Houston's densely Latino neighborhoods; Brooklyn was at just about half,

Chicago at 60 percent. In May, Census workers will start knocking on doors of homes that haven't replied.

The consequences of undercounting stretch far past mapping Congressional districts. Decennial Census numbers are used to plan things ranging from city council seats to airports and to divvy up hundreds of billions of dollars in federal support for state and local initiatives every year. In 2000 Census monitors analyzed how the undercount that year would affect funding for just eight federal programs. New York City was predicted to lose a collective $847 million. Harris County looked to miss out on roughly $240 million. This loss is amplified by the fact that undercounted communities are often those most in need of government programs—Medicaid, Head Start and special education, for example—whose funds are determined by Census data.

## Los Angeles County, Brooklyn, Chicago's Cook County and Houston's Harris County top the list of the Census Bureau's hard-to-count areas.

Planners fear that this year the collapsed economy will complicate things further still. Unemployment rates among blacks and Latinos are as much as a third higher than the national average. Communities with high foreclosure and job-loss rates are more likely to have families in unstable, temporary housing. It's a statistical negative feedback loop in the making.

In the past decade Washington has spent $14 billion, more than twice the cost of the 2000 Census, to avoid such bleak math. Over the past year, the Census Bureau has joined local governments and community groups to mobilize hundreds of thousands of neighborhood opinion-shapers to persuade families like the DeLeons to participate. It is by far the nation's most ambitious attempt ever to enumerate itself.

But the challenges the Census faces are both greater and more complex than the mechanics of a head count. Families like the DeLeons—young and brown-skinned migrants—are driving rapid demographic changes in the United States. Many of these new residents are uncertain about whether government is a source of support or a threat—the long arm behind immigration raids, detentions and record-high deportations. The answer becomes less clear as the right stokes an increasingly polarized debate over immigration. The tea party's smears of the government as an intrusive, untrustworthy force are often vocalized simultaneously with the charge that government sold out "real Americans" in favor of "illegal" menaces. In October, Louisiana Senator David Vitter tried adding a question about immigration status on the stripped-down 2010 Census form. He hoped to spark a fight about whether undocumented residents should be enumerated at all. The Congressional Research Service countered that the Constitution clearly dictates that the Census count "persons" living in the United States, not citizens. But the question Vitter sought to force is one the modern Census—with its mandate of rendering a national portrait in hard, tangible numbers—cannot avoid: Who does and does not count?

Meanwhile, tea partyers aren't the only ones voicing distrust; it runs deep in regions like Southwest. Recent Pew Research Center polls found new immigrants articulating greater trust in government than people born here. If so, it's a complex faith in Southwest, where lived experiences like Julia DeLeon's thwarted emergency room visit often overshadow the message of city and Census officials—that all residents matter. As a result, the nation may find itself unable to fulfill one of the Constitution's most basic assignments—to count the population every ten years—at a time when policy-makers need the data it generates more than ever.

As goes Texas, so goes the nation. By far the country's fastest-growing state, Texas is gaining on California for the title of most populous. As the housing crash reversed trends in such rapid-growth states as Georgia and North Carolina, the Texas population boom appeared to continue apace in 2008 and '09. The decennial Census, which takes a closer look than the bureau's yearly estimates, is expected to show this trend intensifying.

But it would be far more accurate to say that East Texas is the fastest-growing state in the nation. Rice University professor Steve Murdock was George W. Bush's last Census director and has been Texas demographer for decades. He's got a state map divided into counties, with red marking those that are shrinking and blue, those that are growing fastest. The largely rural, overwhelmingly white counties in the west form a sea of blood-red. The eastern half is dominated by three massive blue blobs, each a leg of the Houston-Dallas-San Antonio triangle and each a place where whites are in the minority. Actually, Texas stopped being a majority-white state in 2004. It's one of four states, with California, Hawaii and New Mexico, the Census Bureau calls "majority-minority."

Texas's new residents are not only overwhelmingly brown; they are overwhelmingly young. Nearly half of 18- to 29-year-olds in Harris County are Latino, according to Rice University's Institute for Urban Research, while 70 percent of people over 60 are white. The bureau estimates that the county's Latino population grew by 40 percent between 2000 and 2008, while the white population grew less than 1 percent.

Bureau estimates show a nearly identical growth pattern for US residents overall: a young, growing population of people of color, particularly Latinos, alongside an old, plateauing population of whites. In 2000 nearly half of the residents enumerated as "Hispanic—any race" were under 25, as were 42 percent of those counted as "Non-Hispanic Black." Just 30 percent of residents who identified as "Non-Hispanic White" were under 25. The Latino population likely grew by a third between 2000 and 2008, while the white population grew by 2.5 percent—a gap that will only grow as today's youth have kids, and as their parents and grandparents die.

"The Texas of today is the United States of tomorrow," says

*Kai Wright, the Alfred Knobler Journalism Fellow at The Nation Institute, is the editorial director of ColorLines.* *Research support for this article was provided by The Investigative Fund at The Nation Institute.*

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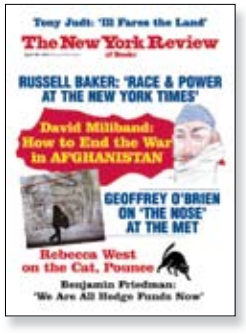
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Murdock, pointing to a national map in which states across the South and West—places with large nonwhite populations—are booming with new residents, while states in the country's middle hold flat. "Where there are diverse populations in the United States, there is population growth. Where there is less diversity, there is less growth," Murdock concludes.

This blunt fact inspires one of two reactions in America's political culture: hope or fear. To people like Angela Blanchard, who runs Houston's Neighborhood Centers, a social service agency working largely in immigrant communities, Houston is a beacon on a hill. "There's a huge entrepreneurial spirit that's fed by a massive amount of immigration. Last year we crossed the line as the most diverse city in the United States," she says, shaking her head at the fact. "No one thinks of Houston that way. But it's just amazing to live in a place where everybody's here!"

Southwest Houston certainly feels more like Queens than middle America. A four-mile stretch along the main east-west artery is packed with retail shops targeting a broad Asian community. The area has been booming steadily since the mid-1980s, recessions notwithstanding; Houston boasts 16,000 Asian-owned firms, the sixth-largest concentration in the nation as of 2002. "When I was growing up, if we saw an Asian we'd stop the car and point," jokes Glenda Joe, a Chinese-American Houston native with whom city planners have contracted to promote the Census. "Now look left and right, and all you'll see is Asians—Filipino, Korean, Chinese."

## Among Southwest Houston's Latino immigrants, rumors swirl that the Census is a ploy to set up a mass deportation sweep.

Thousands of them don't exist in the official population count, however. The 2000 Census tallied around 5,500 Koreans in Houston; Dongwook Yang, managing editor of the *Korean Journal*, says the city's two largest Korean churches alone have at least 3,000 members between them, and his paper's community directory includes nearly fifty more churches. "If I buy the pastors' estimation," says Yang, "it can be more than 40,000." But that sort of napkin calculation is meaningless when businesses are struggling to convince investors and would-be migrants of Houston's burgeoning Asian community. "They think about Dallas instead," Yang complains.

The Korean undercount is infamous among city planners, too. "Houston Independent School District's statistics indicate there are at least 30,000 Koreans in HISD," scoffs Margaret Wallace, assistant director of Houston's planning department. Wallace has a map of neighborhoods where the city has struggled most to get an accurate demographic picture and where the department is targeting its 2010 effort. "We are treating this essentially as an election campaign, and we're gonna do that kind of ground campaign."

DeLeon's neighborhood sits inside a stretch of districts in Southwest Houston that feature prominently on Wallace's map. The area's hub is Gulfton, a small, tightly packed neighborhood dominated by a handful of massive apartment complexes. The area was developed in the 1960s as a convenient suburb for young, upwardly mobile white families. A deep recession in the 1980s pushed those families out, leaving affordable housing stock for new Central American immigrants. By the 2000 Census, the neighborhood had grown by 40 percent while white residents in the broader area had fallen by half. The city estimates that three-quarters of Gulfton's residents are Latino.

All these characteristics—the dense housing complexes, the new migrants, the mixed languages—give Gulfton and the surrounding area a sky-high score on the hard-to-count matrix. Wallace's office believes it's one of the city's most undercounted neighborhoods.

Enrique Sapon, a church-group leader in Gulfton's Guatemalan community, is sitting in Benito Juarez's office in Gulfton's new city-funded community center. Juarez, a community liaison in the mayor's immigrant affairs office, spends his days finding neighborhood surrogates like Sapon to pull in residents for all manner of services, from prenatal health to English classes. But all conversations lead back to one place.

"We are planning for immigration reform, and to inform and raise the consciousness of the people," Sapon says when asked about the Census. For many in the neighborhood, the word "government" only triggers fears about immigration policy. "Because people don't want any more raids and families being separated because they are deported." The only question to be answered about the Census is how participating will impact the path to citizenship.

Residents' answers vary widely but are most often rooted in suspicion. Sapon is not terribly moved by the promises that Census information is confidential. "It's the same thing they were saying about the Social Security and the hospitals," he says, before citing neighborhood lore about people being deported out of hospital beds. "There have been cases." Another rumor in Southwest is that the effort to get everyone counted is a ploy to set up a mass deportation sweep. Others fear that showing how many immigrants are truly here will fan public animosity toward them. "Anyway, if they don't fill out the form, somebody is going to come knock on the door," Sapon says of his neighbors, "so they are just praying that nothing happens."

"People really have a lot of fear," Juarez explains. "They go to work, and they do normal everything, but when it comes to getting in contact with government agencies? That's a no-no." He says when the center opened, it took six months to persuade people to walk through the door. Today, an estimated 6,000 people pass through every week.

By the time the center opened in 2007, it had been on the city's wish list for more than a decade. Juarez says that's in part because Census data have never adequately reflected the population that locals know to be wedged into the tiny space. Houston's city-run community centers are funded in part by federal Community Development Block Grants, and those are allocated based on a formula that includes Census data. So, for that matter, are many of the social services offered at the center.

The Brookings Institution estimates that Census data guided nearly $3 billion in federal grants made to Harris County in the 2008 fiscal year and $420 billion in federal grants nationally. Medicaid and the State Children's Health Insurance Program, highway construction, special education, Head Start, home-heating assistance, senior housing—funding for all these things is based on Census data.

Wallace and others stress that nobody really knows how much the city's undercount affects specific programs, because the formulas for allocating money are complex. But from service providers to elected officials, people trying to tackle community needs day to day say they consistently bump against bad data.

"A hospital wants to relocate, they look at numbers," says Harris County commissioner Sylvia Garcia, who also heads the National Association of Latino Elected Officials. "A bank wants to open up a branch, they look at numbers. A foundation wants to make their donations, they look at numbers. And one of the very basic tools of any of that kind of research is Census."

Garcia is still frustrated, for example, by a recent flap with the city schools. When officials closed a school in a historic building in her district, they at first agreed to open an early-childhood education center in its place. But they consulted Census data that said there weren't enough kids under 6, so they shelved the project. "I just said, 'OK, the crying room of the church is always full. How can you tell us there's not enough kids?' And we didn't believe it, but they showed us." Garcia bought the building herself and is raising funds to open a center like the one she envisioned.

Money aside, the politics matter, too. Based on the 2010 Census, Houston must draw two new city council districts to account for the city's population growth. "We need an accurate representation of where we live in order to do a fair redistricting plan that furthers representation in our neighborhoods," Wallace says. The implications aren't geographic alone. Just two of the council's fourteen members are Latino in a city where Latinos are estimated to be nearly 40 percent of the population.

Cynthia (not her real name) is being polite, but she's not terribly interested in talking, certainly not about the government's desire to know who she is and where she lives. She listens patiently as Evelyn DeLeon explains in Spanish why the ten-year Census is so important. But DeLeon might as well be telling her to drink poison.

"She feels like it's some sort of trap," DeLeon says, translating Cynthia's response. "She knows that she's seen it on TV," DeLeon explains, "and that this will benefit our children so that they can be counted and get help." But that sounds like BS to Cynthia. "Whatever they say it is, she thinks it's the opposite."

Cynthia is, however, thrilled to talk about her daughter in Honduras. The proud mom holds out a cellphone picture of the 18-year-old decked out in a graduation robe. She's off to college, and Cynthia, 47, is in Houston breaking her back for $230 a week because it's contributing to her daughter's future. She figures whatever kind of help this Census thing is offering, it's not likely to advance that singular goal. So it's not worth the risk of getting deported.

Her suspicions about whether and how she counts to the government would be confirmed later that night. Her closest friends, who, like her, are undocumented, were called to the airport to pick up their young son, a US citizen by birth. They had sent him home to Honduras with friends who are also citizens, but border cops wouldn't let the group back into Houston without the boy's legal guardians. When the parents arrived to claim him, they were arrested for visa violations. Separated from their son, they will be detained indefinitely and likely deported.

As the Census Bureau has flooded neighborhoods like Gulfton with its "be counted" message, the Obama administration has ratcheted up deportations to a record high. Immigration and Customs Enforcement deported nearly 400,000 people in Obama's first year. And the president has hardened his tone on immigration; he moved from using the term "undocumented workers" on the campaign trail to "illegal immigrants" during the healthcare debate, when anti-immigrant rhetoric on the national stage soared.

"What's really different that wasn't there even ten years ago is this evolving anti-immigrant sentiment," says Commissioner Garcia. "We really had not felt it here as strongly as we see it on TV and around this country," she adds, "but in this past year, we're starting to see more raids."

The Brookings Institution estimates that Census data guided nearly $3 billion in federal grants made to Harris County in 2008.

The nightmarish idea of undocumented parents being separated from their children looms over any family's daily risk calculations. Cynthia, for instance, avoids food stamps, despite her challenges buying groceries for her youngest daughter, a grade schooler in Houston and a US citizen. "She stopped going because they were asking for way too much information, and she felt uncomfortable," DeLeon explains. That fear also means Cynthia's daughter won't be counted toward her neighborhood's elementary school or toward education grants based on Census numbers. She's among nine out of ten Houston public school students who are either Latino or black.

Garcia says this is the sort of thing that makes the anti-immigrant furor so counterproductive. It's clear that new immigrants infuse a city with the entrepreneurial ethos Neighborhood Centers' Blanchard gushes about. But it's also true they are often starting from scratch in an exploitative labor market. Nearly a quarter of both Latinos and blacks lived in poverty in 2008. A Southern Education Foundation study noted earlier this year that the South's public schools are now majority-minority; three years ago the region became the first to have a majority of its students be so poor they qualify for free lunch. Those students are the future workforce.

"We're already here, and it's quite doubtful we're going to be going anywhere," Garcia lectures. "So what we need to do is work together on solving these challenges to ensure that there's

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not some sort of meltdown in ten years. We gotta get ready."

Rice's Institute for Urban Studies, which has been tracking opinions and demographics in Houston for three decades, has found an increasing number of people who disagree. Just 64 percent of people surveyed last year agreed that kids of undocumented parents should be able to go to public schools, down from 71 percent three years ago. Similarly, half of those surveyed last year wanted to deny "health and welfare services" to undocumented residents. On a question measuring opinions about a range of populations—from whites to Muslims to gays and lesbians—"undocumented immigrants" scored the worst.

Immigrants, of course, aren't the only ones who distrust the Census. During the 2000 count, candidate Bush and Senate majority leader Trent Lott suggested that the process is too intrusive; Bush said on the campaign trail he was "not sure" he'd fill out his form. The fallout is one reason Congress and the bureau stripped the 2010 questionnaire down to ten questions. This time, the right's anti-Census chorus is being led by tea party cheerleaders like Congresswoman Michele Bachmann, who has said she won't fully complete the form and invoked the specter of Japanese internment camps.

Meanwhile, the demographic realities that Rice's Murdock lays out have savvier Republicans, worried about their shrinking base of nonurban white voters, offering a much different take. Karl Rove starred in a Census Bureau ad in April, calling the Census an "instrument of democracy."

In a number of small, largely white counties around the country, however, the Census has become an instrument of something quite different. Census methodology turns on the bureau's "usual residence" rule, meaning that you are counted in the place you live most of the time, regardless of whether you consider that home. So college students are counted on campus, and prisoners are counted where they are incarcerated.

Problem is, state prisons nationwide are located overwhelmingly in small, aging white towns and are filled with young black and brown people. That generates all manner of statistical absurdities. Prisoners of the Census, an advocacy group urging a change in methodology, found twenty-one counties nationwide in which more than a fifth of the population enumerated in 2000 was behind bars. The group counted 256 counties in which more than half the enumerated black population was incarcerated. In Brown County, Illinois, 18 percent of the county's 6,950 residents are supposedly black, but just five of them were free.

The enumeration of these prisoner-residents conceals broader trends. Ten overwhelmingly white Texas counties that appeared to be growing after the 2000 Census were actually shrinking. Meanwhile, a fifth of the state's prisoners came from Harris County but were tallied elsewhere—in rural counties in which they participated in none of the programs or services the Census informs.

This distortion has real consequences. Seven New York State Legislature districts would not exist but for their nonvoting prison population. Peter Wagner, who runs Prisoners of the Census, says a handful of states have begun subtracting prisoners from the Census count before redistricting and at least three, including New York, have pending legislation to make similar adjustments.

But it's not just about politics. Waupun, Wisconsin—which is among the counties with more than a fifth of their populations locked up—recently commissioned a study to reconfigure its profile, absent the three state institutions it hosts. The town, it seems, has become a prisoner of its jail-based economy. As Mayor Jodi Steger told the local paper, "Developers look at a site and they don't know the income includes the prisons, and their maximum wage is something like $2 an hour."

The Census taps a conflict deep in the American psyche. Our multiple identities have long been at odds. We're a nativist country, built on immigration. The Statue of Liberty welcomes newcomers in New York Harbor, as a fence turns them away at the Texas border. Little wonder a process that quantifies this debate's futility is fraught.

The Constitution nonetheless demands it be done, and myriad government functions have come to depend on it. After decades of bitter legal and political wrangling over whether and how the bureau could use a sampling formula to fill in the undercount, bureau scientists voluntarily shelved the idea after the 2000 count. Disparate experts agreed that the formula wasn't working, though it could be figured out if politics allowed science to run its course.

According to the 2000 Census, 18 percent of Brown County's 6,950 residents were black, but just five of them lived outside prison.

The unintended result is that Congress has been backed into budgeting previously unthinkable sums for an old-fashioned tally. In 2000 that investment appeared to pay off; the Census got its first-ever paid-advertising budget, inaugurated the community partnerships that have been a definitive part of the 2010 count and beefed up staff for in-person follow-ups. All of this drove up overall response rates and helped close the racial gap.

The bureau hopes to roll that success over into this year's count. But few in Gulfton expect it to succeed in the current climate. "People have been saying there's no need to count everybody because in the end, even if everybody's counted, those resources are not going to trickle down to the undocumented people," says Juarez. "I'm optimistic they're going to get a better count, because of the resources," he concedes, before adding, "but it's not going to be enough."

Ironically, it may be that the politics of immigration have made places like Gulfton too American for government to do its job, even among Census believers like Evelyn DeLeon. "It's important and I hope there is change, but…" She stops to gather her thoughts, before settling on a starkly American idea about it all: "Whether the Census is supposed to provide this help or not, I'm going to have to do this on my own." ■

# Talking With Tony Judt

The author of *Ill Fares the Land* on social democracy, trains and our desiccated ethical vocabulary.

*In October historian Tony Judt gave a lecture at New York University, where he is a professor and director of the Remarque Institute, on the fate of Western social democracy. The talk was remarkable not only for what was said but for how. Judt—who has advanced amyoptrophic lateral sclerosis (ALS), or Lou Gehrig's disease, and is paralyzed from the neck down—had memorized his talk, which he delivered from his wheelchair, his face partially obscured behind the breathing apparatus he calls his "facial Tupperware." Several months later he published a version of the talk in* The New York Review of Books, *and when that caught fire he expanded the talk into a short book.* Ill Fares the Land *(Penguin Press; $25.95) traces the history of the postwar state in the United States and Europe, showing how rampant privatization, an excess of individualism and the worship of the market have produced unacceptable levels of inequality. Disparaging both extreme left- and right-wing solutions, Judt makes a case for social democracy, advocating a new conversation about our collective responsibilities as citizens, humanists and human beings. —Christine Smallwood*

JOHN R. RIFKIN

**You write that *Ill Fares the Land* is for young people. When you were young, was there a book that did for you what you want this book to do for others?**

It was a very different world. I was born in 1948, so I'm a '60s kid, and in the '60s everyone talked all the time, endlessly, about socialism versus capitalism, about political choices, ideology, Marxism, revolution, "the system" and so on. I grew up in a world where the social democratic state was the norm, not the exception. So when I think of books that really influenced me, they were books that went against the grain of those times. They were, for example, Orwell's *Homage to Catalonia*. Or Arthur Koestler's *Darkness at Noon*. Or the book edited by Richard Crossman called *The God That Failed*, which was a collection of six essays, all by ex-communists, all by guys who were still on the left, by and large, people like Koestler, or Ignazio Silone in Italy, or Richard Wright, who were disillusioned communists but still committed leftists in one respect or another. Those are the kinds of books that influenced me, and it was because they were written by people with a very strong voice who were not necessarily simply opposing everything that existed. They were neither conservative nor revolutionary, but autonomous voices. What I'm trying to do in *Ill Fares the Land* is to write not from an ideological or political position but against the grain of current thought.

**You still have faith that the liberal state can be restored to health. But is there a reason that there has to be a liberal state? The "liberal state" itself is a historically specific creation, isn't it?**

Look, just as nothing has to be, nothing has to disappear. Things didn't need to be the way they are, but there's no law that says they cannot survive or cannot recover. We don't live in a world of fixed historical laws that says the—as you describe it—liberal state was born at a particular time, lived and died, and that's what we're stuck with. But there are reasons why some things are much harder to retain, to invent, to reinvent than others.

There are two different considerations here. The first is the social reality of the social democratic state—the activist state, if you like—with collective responsibility across space and time for other people's interests. That is almost inevitably going to survive in one form or another. In my world it was pretty clear which aspects of my parents' world would survive into ours; in my kids' world, it's not at all clear which aspects of my world will survive into theirs. With globalization, with the fear of economic change, with the insecurities that the twenty-first century is going to bring, which are going to be far greater than those of the twentieth, the level of insecurity is going to have the paradoxical effect of throwing people back on the state much more, looking to it for everything from medical protection to physical protection to job guarantees to protection against outside competition and such. So the question is not going to be, Will there be an activist state? The question is going to be, What kind of an activist state?

And that brings us to the second consideration, which is how we think about it. We've emerged from a twentieth century which we've learned to think of as a kind of seventy-year running battle between the over-mighty state and the wonders of individual freedom. Extreme forms of individualism versus extreme forms of collective enforced authority. Roughly speaking, Stalin versus the tea party. That's a caricature of the twentieth century. But it's one that we have to a large degree internalized, so when people think of the political choices facing them, they think of them in terms of maximized individual freedom versus maximized collective repression, or power or authority or whatever. And then they think of any changes with one or the other, regrettable compromises with freedom or so on. We need to change that conversation so we can think of the state not as some external creature that history has imposed upon us but simply as a way of collective organization that we chose to place onto ourselves. In that sense the liberal state either has a future or it doesn't, but it really is up to us.

*Christine Smallwood, a writer in New York, is a former associate literary editor of* The Nation.

**So democracy becomes a real problem, right? If people continue to choose inequality, what can you do?**
Democracy has always been a problem. The truly attractive features of the Western tradition that we accidentally—and it really is accidentally—get the benefit of are the rule of law, liberalism and tolerance, all of which are virtues inherited from predemocratic societies, whether they were based in eighteenth-century Anglo-American aristocratic individualism or nineteenth-century European forms of a type of developed postfeudal legal state. Democracy comes last. Democracy is simply a system of selection of people to rule over you. And it's not accidental that everyone is now a democrat. The Chinese are for democracy. George Bush was for democracy. The Burmese believe in it; they just call it something slightly different. South African whites believed in democracy; they just thought it should be arranged differently for blacks. Democracy is a dangerously empty term, and to the extent that it has substance, and the substance consists of allowing people to select freely how they live, the chance that they will choose to live badly is very high. The question is, What do we do now, in a world where, in the absence of liberal aristocracies, in the absence of social democratic elites whose authority people accept, you have people who genuinely believe, in the majority, that their interest consists of maximizing self-interest at someone else's expense? The answer is, Either you re-educate them in some form of public conversation or we will move toward what the ancient Greeks understood very well, which is that the closest system to democracy is popular authoritarianism. And that's the risk we run. Not a risk of a sort of ultra-individualism in a disaggregated society but of a kind of de facto authoritarianism.

**You've been working on a study of the modern railway. What are you learning?**
I've for many years fantasized about writing a study of the place of the railway in the modern world, economically, topographically, in town planning, in the creation of space and the idea of time, in movies and literature and so on. I knew some of this stuff in the abstract, but I've learned much more concretely about the astonishing degree to which the railway—literally the railroad, trains, the whole economy it created—changed our world in ways that planes, cars, the Internet, even electricity maybe didn't quite match. The very notion of society existing in terms of classes, in terms of collective life, public and private space, cities and the relationship between city and country; the idea of time, of time as something that organizes us rather than we organizing it—these were all railway creations. If you try to imagine the world that existed before 1830, before the first railway line in England, between Manchester and Liverpool, it's quite literally unimaginable. It takes an effort of will to realize that in Roman times the sense of distance was about the same as it was in 1780, let's say. For most of human history, people never came into contact, or did very rarely, with either someone who was not born where they lived or some artifact that was not made either by them or by someone they knew or in the town in which they were born. But within one generation they are living in a world that makes today's globalization look like nothing in terms of the transformation. That's the work of the railway, much more than anything else in the world, and that's what I want to try to capture in the book.

**You've spoken to the *Guardian* about how your condition has led you to write with the aid of a memory palace. Can you walk me through it? What kind of furniture is there?**
Sure. Well, first, it's not a memory *palace*—I'm not a sixteenth-century Italian aristocrat. It's a memory *chalet*, because I like Switzerland. In my mind's eye, it's a building about the size of a large Swiss house or a very small Swiss hotel, with cute little gables and pretty little red and white flowers in the windows. I go in, and on the left, let's say, there will be a little room where you keep skis and boots and sleds, and on the right there will be a toilet. And in the next room there'll be a kitchen on the left, and on the right there'll be a little dining area or something. And maybe if you go to the hallway toward the back, there's a large living area. There will be a staircase in the back, which is where they are in Swiss chalets, going up to the bedrooms.

Now, I'm lying in bed—it's not much fun, lying there thinking about this thing, a particular chapter, or story, memoir or complicated argument—and I think, How is it going to be organized? The first part will go down with the ski boots, on the left. Then I go into the kitchen and there's a series of drawers, and in each of the drawers there will be, maybe with the silverware, the introduction. The main argument will be with the china, or in the pasta cupboard—the pasta cupboard might be convenient because it will make me think of substance. And so it goes until I've got the whole ground floor, roughly speaking, packed away. And then I'll go through it once more. And the next morning, while I'm waiting to be set up, given my coffee, washed and so on, I go through the mind of the Swiss chalet again, and in each of the relevant bins and rooms and so on I will easily remember what goes where. If I'm lucky and the thing was worth preserving, which it may not be, when my assistant, Eugene Rusyn, comes in I can say, I've got an idea for a little memoir; can you jot down some points before we start writing? And that's how it works.

**Where is religion in *Ill Fares the Land*? You remark that "most people" have dispensed with it, but certainly in the United States it hasn't gone anywhere.**
One of the things that struck me over the course of the last twenty-five, thirty years, probably because I got very involved in Eastern Europe, was that there was no reason or principle why religion and what I think of as a sort of socially responsible state should be remotely incompatible. What's missing from public conversation and public policy conversation is precisely a sort of moral underpinning, a sense of the moral purposes that bind people together in functional societies. And part of the attraction of someone who otherwise didn't appeal to me in the least—like, say, Pope John Paul II—was how he managed to connect with young people. Whether it was in Eastern

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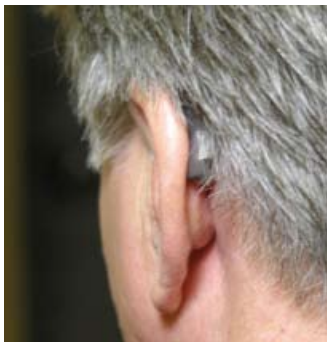

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Europe or Latin America or wherever, his was the sense of an absolutely, unambiguously, morally noncompromising view about what is right and what is wrong. It seems to me that we need to reintroduce some of that. We need to reintroduce confidently and unashamedly that kind of language into the public realm. And not expel it, so to speak, into church for Sunday. It's not only on Sunday that some things are right and some things are wrong.

In my second marriage I was married to someone who was a very active American feminist and very anti the anti-abortionists. I would find myself listening to her angrily say that abortion is a good thing and these people are crazed fascists and so on, and I'd think, This conversation is taking the wrong turn. What you have here are two powerfully held moral positions, incompatible socially, backed by different perspectives. But it's not a question of one of them being immoral and the other being moral. What we need to learn to do is conduct substantive moral conversations as though they were part of public policy, so that abortion is a terrible thing and a necessary thing, and both statements are true. You see what I mean? With decent medical services and proper prophylactic facilities and real contraceptive education and proper support for young people, particularly in poor areas, abortion would not be nearly as big an issue as it is. Then you could learn to think of difficult moral issues as part of social policy rather than just screaming at each other from either side of a moral barrier. Then we could reintroduce what look like religious kinds of conversations into national social policy debates.

**I come from a very religious background, and it seems to me that people on the left are so embarrassed about the language of morality that they've ceded the ground to the right.**

I totally agree. I think it's a catastrophe for both sides. What it means for the left is that it's got no ethical vocabulary. What it means for the right is that it smugly supposes that it's got a monopoly on values. Both sides are completely wrong. There used to be a tradition of left-wing ethics, Orwellian if you like, or pre-Orwell. I'd like to say parenthetically that I come out of a sort of secular dissenting Jewish background, but one with some of the same thoughts of the old dissenting churches—Christian, Jewish—of the late nineteenth and early twentieth centuries, in which there was a natural correspondence of social values and ethical criteria. And the divorce between them has been one of the disastrous results of the last half-century. I'd love to contribute to re-forming that link.

**Is there anything else you'd like to say?**

Your first question, about young people, is true, but I'd enter a caveat: *Ill Fares the Land* is a book for anyone who cares about the collective world that we live in and are making for ourselves, whether we like it or not. It's not a book written with a view to presenting a solution to a fixed set of problems, saying, Read this and do that. It's a book deliberately designed to ask what's wrong, how should we talk about it, how should we think about fixing it. And that's all that it should be. Anything more than that would close off conversation. I want to open it up. ■

# Learning to Love the Healthcare Bill

It took time for people to appreciate Medicare and Social Security, but they came around.

**by KATHERINE S. NEWMAN AND STEVEN ATTEWELL**

Will the passage of healthcare reform provide a boost to Obama's popularity and the chances of holding on to a Democratic majority in the fall? The question preys on the minds of many progressives, even those who find the White House lacking in zeal for causes on the left. The alternative would mean polarization, at best. At worst, it could be a return to the dark days of Republican rule from which we have escaped all too recently. To be sure, the failure to pass the healthcare bill would have been a catastrophe. The measure was a significant test for the base of the Democratic Party. Could a leadership that stumbled badly on the banks, mortgage cramdowns and credit card regulation actually provide something of tangible benefit to the working people of this nation?

Before this victory, Obama's position was not unlike that of Roosevelt as he approached his first midterm in 1934. FDR stabilized the banking system through a more conservative series of reforms (the banking holiday, the Emergency Banking Act and Glass-Steagall) than many had hoped for; he succeeded in passing legislation that was supposed to address the recession systematically (the Agricultural Adjustment Act and National Industrial Recovery Act roughly paralleling the stimulus bill in terms of what they were supposed to accomplish). But these policy victories notwithstanding, FDR hadn't addressed the needs of the more than 10 million unemployed. His answer to this critique came in the fall of 1933 with the creation of the Civil Works Administration, which under the leadership of Harry Hopkins succeeded in directly employing 4.3 million people between Thanksgiving of 1933 and 1934. While the CWA was only a temporary program, it sent a mes-

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sage to workers who had voted for a New Deal in 1932 that the president was trying to make a difference for them.

Heading into the midterm elections of 2010, Obama has something concrete to show for his leadership, and that cannot be discounted. What matters more than anything at this juncture is how quickly the concrete benefits of healthcare reform start to flow to the millions of Americans in desperate need of help. Many of the bill's most important provisions do not kick in for many years, but others—the elimination of pre-existing conditions, the ability to enroll dependent children up to the age of 26—will be in effect by September, and they speak to the needs of middle-class voters, who have to be kept in the political fold. Whether this will be enough is hard to say.

Social Security was passed in 1935, but the benefits it promised did not start to flow until 1940 for the small first group of retirees. It was not until the '50s that something approximating universal coverage became a reality, and even today nonworkers are not covered in their own right. African-Americans were robbed of Social Security benefits, even if they had worked all their lives, because the exclusions that were built into the original legislation to placate Southern politicians who threatened to veto the whole package were not reversed for decades. As it happens, Social Security was fairly popular from its inception, largely because it was sold as a contributory insurance policy rather than a "handout" or act of charity toward the elderly poor and because it offered something for (almost) everyone. But it took time before it was fixed in the social policy firmament to the point where its opponents were silenced. Some of them are still with us, as the proposals for privatization demonstrated not long ago.

Once American families begin to depend on the safety net—whether for retirement, higher education or healthcare—the popularity of these provisions becomes very hard to diminish, even by those committed to unraveling them. This is, no doubt, why opponents of healthcare reform are so eager to snarl it up in the courts or rally the base for repeal. They too are students of history. They know that if American families start to rely on these new forms of health insurance, to factor them into their household ledgers, the reforms will become entrenched to the point of no return.

In the meantime, we can expect a high level of conflict, obfuscation, court challenges and tea parties designed to rally the conservative base and delay the implementation of healthcare reform. This too is a familiar story. Indeed, virtually every episode in the development of the American welfare state has been surrounded by contentious politics, and in many instances the opposition won the day. In the 1940s FDR and New Deal Democrats hoped to establish universal healthcare and a "cradle to grave" welfare state through the Wagner-Murray-Dingell bill. But they were torpedoed by Congressional opposition, as was the establishment of a "right to a job" when the Full Employment bill was gutted in committee. Harry Truman's Fair Deal—which sought to build on the New Deal by including healthcare, public housing and a permanent Fair Employment Practices Commission to prevent racial discrimination—was largely blocked by a Republican Congress.

But it wasn't just the political class that split over the New Deal. Ordinary middle-class citizens were deeply torn as well. Much as they wanted FDR to save them from the ravages of the Depression, those on the left saw him as tepid and too cozy with employers. They denounced Roosevelt for lowering wages, failing to nationalize the banks and edging away from his commitment to "the forgotten man."

On the "ordinary" right, farmers in the heartland who avoided the relief rolls decried their neighbors who accepted public benefits (other than Agricultural Adjustment Administration checks), while small shopkeepers and accountants bemoaned the loss of tax dollars from their paychecks to support the indolent even as they filled the grocery orders paid for by the

LLOYD MILLER

Federal Emergency Relief Administration. Opinion polls from the 1930s make it clear that a majority of the country was sure that the unemployed could find work if they really wanted it. Most of all, the rejection of cash relief, of any policy that smacked of support for the able-bodied nonworker, was nearly universal. Public employment was more widely embraced and grew in popularity as the ravages of the Depression left fewer and fewer alternatives in the labor market.

As historians like Jason Scott Smith have noted, programs like the Works Progress Administration were often embraced by people who were otherwise hostile to government expenditures. Many moderate and conservative voters adopted the reverse NIMBY view that other New Deal projects might be wasteful boondoggles but the WPA project in their district was indispensable. We can see the modern echo of this attitude in conservative Republicans who voted against the stimulus bill as a spending orgy but were happy to hand out giant cardboard checks in their home districts for projects financed from stimulus funds.

Similar objections to social programs were raised during the Johnson years. Medicare was probably the most important innovation of the Great Society, but when Johnson worked overtime to pass the original legislation, public support for the idea waffled. In 1962, 70 percent of Democrats and 48 percent of Republicans surveyed in the National Election Studies thought that "government ought to help people get doctors and hospital care at low cost." By 1964, when a historic Medicare proposal passed in the Senate, Democratic support had declined to 60 percent and Republicans weighed in with 29 percent. The same survey asked respondents if they preferred providing health insurance for the elderly by allowing them to buy private plans or if they thought government should finance a program through Social Security. In 1962, 55 percent supported the idea of government-financed health plans; by 1965, that number had dropped to 46 percent. Eventually, however, as people began to rely on the program's benefits, support began to build. Today, Medicare garners strong and steady backing from the public. Indeed, it is a "third rail" that politicians approach at their peril. Obama's Republican opponents vowed to prevent even a single dollar in cuts to Medicare, and tea party protesters shouted, "Keep your government hands off my Medicare!"

For some time to come we can expect the firestorm of opposition to healthcare reform that is unfolding today to persist, even from people who stand to benefit from the provisions of the new law. The rose-colored glasses through which we sometimes view the legacy of the New Deal and the Great Society often obscure how contentious the debates were or how long they continued after the passage of key legislation. We should not be deterred by the noise coming out of the tea party. The weight of history is against them. ■

# Letters

*(continued from page 2)*
remain so for decades to come ["A Conscious Pariah," April 19].
Maurice Isserman

Jerusalem
Nathaniel Popper's essay on Raul Hilberg and Hannah Arendt is one of the most balanced accounts of these two complex personalities I have read. Given their common perceptions—or the genealogy of these perceptions from Hilberg to Arendt—and the fact that both were vilified in Jewish circles for their emphasis on the bureaucratic machinery of Nazism (for years you could hardly mention the name of Hilberg or Arendt at Yad Vashem), it is truly a shame that they were not allies.

One minor correction: it is not true that Hilberg's 1974 course on Holocaust history was the first taught in the United States; I studied the subject with Erich Goldhagen (Daniel Goldhagen's father) at Brandeis in the late 1960s. Hilberg's book was, as I recall, the major resource for that course.
Sidra DeKoven Ezrahi

Concord, Mass.
Nathaniel Popper did a remarkable job restoring to Raul Hilberg scholarly credit attributed by history to Hannah Arendt. However, in the course of doing so, Popper gave credit to Hilberg for being the first to teach a college-level course on the Holocaust. He was not. In 1972, two years before Hilberg first did so, Hampshire College offered a course titled "Thinking About the Unthinkable: An Encounter With the Holocaust," designed in that first year by a group of students and facilitated by anthropologist Leonard Glick. In 1973, Glick created his own syllabus and taught the course for many years thereafter. Hampshire was honored, beginning in 1972, to welcome Hilberg as a guest lecturer for the course.
Sigmund J. Roos, *chair*
*Board of trustees, Hampshire College*

Tulsa, Okla.
As an undergraduate at the University of Vermont in the late 1970s I encountered Hilberg, by then a revered—and feared—faculty member. He was a stern man, distant, but a profoundly gifted lecturer and teacher. Years later, I was his host during a visit to the university where I was then a faculty member. I'd not seen him for decades; he didn't remember me (nor should he have). I found him courtly, friendly, funny, even in his distant way. The lecture was a powerful performance, but during the question-and-answer segment, he erupted when asked to discuss Holocaust survivors. "I don't want to talk about survivors," he shouted. "I want to talk about those who were murdered!" I think that statement reveals much about who he was.
Brian Hosmer

## I Remember Mario

San Diego
I was in Mario Savio's Free Speech Movement/Children's Crusade and bachelor's degree program at UC Berkeley [Scott Saul, "A Body on the Gears," March 29]. It took me eighteen years to graduate because I told Mario I wouldn't take my degree until he got his (he called me when he graduated from San Francisco State). I spoke at his Manhattan memorial service. Did you know he starred in *Brigadoon* as a senior in high school? He was known as Bob then, as your reviewer notes. Once, a classmate wanted to shoot out a street light outside his window in Queens. Bob wouldn't advise him one way or the other. After the friend did shoot it out, Bob asked, "Did you clean up the glass?"
Richard Thompson

## A Late, Great Muckraker

Blairstown, N.J.
As the son and daughter-in-law of Fred Cook, we found Richard Lingeman's "Redbaited by the FBI" [Jan 11/18] most interesting. The FBI must have been very frustrated trying to find anything on Dad, as he was incorruptible. Dad wrote books on many controversial subjects—*The Plot Against the Patient* (healthcare), *The Warfare State* (military-industrial complex), *The Great Energy Scam* (oil industry) and *The Secret Rulers* (organized crime) among them. We have great memories of a wonderful man. Thank you for the article.
Fred and Carol Cook

## Throw Another *Nation* on the Barbie!

Sofia, Bulgaria
I am an Australian and an English teacher in Bulgaria. I just want to thank you for your articles. I use them to teach my students, and they greatly enjoy them.
Lewis Albanis

# Books & the Arts.

EDDIE ADAMS/ASSOCIATED PRESS, *EDDIE ADAMS: VIETNAM*, UMBRAGE EDITIONS

Detroit riot scene through a bullet-shattered windshield, by Eddie Adams (1967)

# The Pentagon Book Club

**by NICK TURSE**

In the spring of 1984, a young Army officer wrote a seminar paper about the use of force in the post-Vietnam era. Three years later he returned to the subject in a Princeton University doctoral dissertation titled "The American Military and the Lessons of Vietnam." What "today's junior officers think about Vietnam—which is fast becoming ancient history—is likely to undergo significant change before they assume positions of power and influence," he claimed. In his dissertation, he sought to investigate the legacy of the war and its "chastening effect on military thinking about the use of force," which made military leaders, he contended, "more cautious than before." "Caution has its virtues, of course," he wrote. However, "the lessons from which that caution springs are not without flaws." Among the flawed lessons he identified were a professional aversion to counterinsurgency operations, "a new skepticism about the efficacy of American forces in the Third World countries where social, political, and economic factors are the causes of unrest" and "a widespread fear among officers that assignment to counterinsurgency, special forces type missions will be the end of their career."

The author of those words is David Petraeus, now a four-star general and commander of the US wars in Iraq and Afghanistan. Petraeus graduated from West Point in 1974, one year before the fall of Saigon, and he has lately consolidated his military career around trying to reverse the lessons of Vietnam. He tasted combat for the first time during the invasion and occupation of Iraq, where he commanded the 101st Airborne Division and the Multinational Security Transition Command (tasked with training Iraqi military forces). In 2005-06, after his second tour in Iraq, Petraeus oversaw the revision of FM 3-24, the military's counterinsurgency (COIN) field manual. (The previous Army COIN manual was published in 1986; the Marines were still using a guide from 1980.) It was a chance for Petraeus to put his dissertation into practice by literally rewriting the book on the type of warfare American officers had shunned

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*Nick Turse, the associate editor of The Nation Institute's Tomdispatch.com, is the author of* The Complex: How the Military Invades Our Everyday Lives *(Metropolitan). He was the recipient of a Ridenhour Prize and a James Aronson Award for Social Justice Journalism in 2009 for his* Nation *article "A My Lai a Month," a multi-year investigation of mass civilian slaughter by US forces in Vietnam's Mekong Delta.*

since Vietnam. Early in 2007, following the futile efforts of generals Ricardo Sanchez and George Casey, Petraeus took command of US forces in Iraq and aided a reeling President George W. Bush by implementing the "surge" strategy, designed to tamp down violence to a so-called acceptable level. Taking a page from FM 3-24, Petraeus offered money and weapons to Sunni insurgents in exchange for a cessation of attacks on US troops, a strategy that helped to lessen bloodshed and get bad news about Iraq off the front page. In exchange, Bush made "King David" his most influential adviser on the war (Petraeus was granted much clout at National Security Council meetings) and even took him mountain biking.

To a segment of the military establishment that Andrew Bacevich has dubbed the "Crusaders," officers who "see the Army's problems in Iraq as self-inflicted," the consequence of excessive post-Vietnam caution, Petraeus is seen as a successor to another top Army general, Creighton Abrams. A West Point grad and World War II tank commander under Gen. George Patton, Abrams assumed command of US forces in Vietnam in 1968 when his predecessor, William Westmoreland, was kicked up and out, to Army chief of staff, after a four-year run of failure in Southeast Asia. Abrams's star has been on the rise in recent years too, thanks in large part to the efforts of his chief booster, the prominent historian, retired Army lieutenant colonel and CIA veteran Lewis Sorley.

Last fall, as the debate over the way forward in Afghanistan geared up, Sorley's ten-year-old book *A Better War* was the pick of the Pentagon and, according to Peter Spiegel and Jonathan Weisman of the *Wall Street Journal*, "recommended in multiple lists put out by military officers, including a former U.S. commander in Afghanistan, who passed it out to his subordinates." (*A Better War* is also listed in FM 3-24's annotated bibliography of recommended texts, and Abrams is mentioned and quoted several times in the manual.) Sorley's book was also read and reread, according to *Newsweek*, by Petraeus's top commander in Afghanistan, Lt. Gen. Stanley McChrystal—a counterterrorism specialist who worked closely with Petraeus when he led the Joint Special Operations Command, a unit that *The New Yorker*'s Seymour Hersh called "an executive assassination wing." Under this program, according to Hersh, elite units were reportedly given the authority to track and kill suspected terrorists and militants with minimal oversight, in noncombat situations and across national boundaries.

There is much for the Crusaders to like about Sorley's account of the often neglected latter half of the Vietnam War, especially his assertion that by late 1970 "the fighting wasn't over, but the war was won" by the United States. Abrams had achieved this victory, Sorley contends, through a kinder, gentler strategy of pacification operations and population protection that stood in abject contrast to Westmoreland's ineffective "search and destroy" missions in the countryside. As Sorley explained in a *New York Times* op-ed published in 2009 when President Obama was weighing his options in Afghanistan, "Abrams decided instead to try 'clear and hold' operations, in which small patrols were sent to villages to protect the populace." According to Sorley, Abrams recognized that under Westmoreland US forces had been "causing undue 'collateral damage' to the South Vietnamese people and their property"; thus enlightened, Abrams "reined in the use of heavy firepower like artillery and tactical airstrikes." Defeat, however, was snatched from the jaws of victory when the United States cut its support for South Vietnam's Saigon government—a stab in the military's back by weak-willed politicians and a war-weary public back home.

In 2004 Sorley took an up-close-and-personal approach to his hero in *Vietnam Chronicles*, a collection of passages selected and transcribed by Sorley from tapes of high-level meetings chaired by Abrams in 1968-72. The book is a tremendous resource, yet one gets the feeling while reading it of being not a fly on the wall but the object of a concerted propaganda campaign. In the spring of 1969, for instance, we hear Abrams yukking it up over cigars he had imported from Hong Kong. At the same time, in South Vietnam's Mekong Delta, his World War II buddy from the Siege of Bastogne, Gen. Julian Ewell, was coordinating a civilian slaughter during Operation Speedy Express, which was executed with the same heavy artillery and tactical airstrikes Abrams had supposedly shut down [see Nick Turse, "A My Lai a Month," Dec. 1, 2008]. During the operation, Abrams publicly praised Ewell's performance. Behind closed doors not long afterward, he laughed off his subordinates' bloodthirsty talk while warning Ewell to consider how a proposal of his to kill Vietnamese civilians for petty crimes might look if *Newsweek* got wind of it.

In 1971 two reporters from *Newsweek* discovered much worse: namely, that as many as 5,000 noncombatants—ten times the number killed during the My Lai massacre—had been slaughtered during Speedy Express, according to one US official. When one of the *Newsweek* reporters, Kevin Buckley, brought the results of the investigation to Abrams's attention and asked for comment, the general claimed to have no information and denied Buckley an interview. What Buckley couldn't have known, and what goes unaccounted for in *Vietnam Chronicles*, is that Abrams knew a lot about Speedy Express. He learned of reports about mass killings in 1969 from US advisers who charged Ewell's division with having driven up the enemy body count by killing civilians with helicopter gunships and artillery. Then, on a 1970 trip to Vietnam, Army Secretary Stanley Resor, on the advice of the Army's acting general counsel, discussed with Abrams reports of widespread civilian killings provided by a different source, a whistleblower from Ewell's division who had witnessed the bloodshed firsthand. Buckley and his *Newsweek* colleague Alex Shimkin learned about the carnage from still other US and Vietnamese sources during the meticulous investigation they conducted over a period of months. A Pentagon-level cover-up and *Newsweek*'s desire not to upset the Nixon administration in the wake of the My Lai revelations kept the full results of their work under wraps. The publication of a severely truncated version of Buckley and Shimkin's original article allowed the Pentagon to ride out the coverage without being forced to convene a large-scale official inquiry of the

**In This Essay**

**A Better War**
*The Unexamined Victories and Final Tragedy of America's Last Years in Vietnam.*
By Lewis Sorley.
Harvest. 507 pp. Paper $16.

**Vietnam Chronicles**
*The Abrams Tapes, 1968–1972.*
By Lewis Sorley.
Texas Tech. 917 pp. $50.

**Vietnam**
*The History of an Unwinnable War, 1945–1975.*
By John Prados.
Kansas. 665 pp. $34.95.

**Vietnam at War**
By Mark Philip Bradley.
Oxford. 233 pp. $29.95.

**Eddie Adams: Vietnam**
Edited by Alyssa Adams.
Umbrage. 223 pp. $50.

sort that followed public disclosure of My Lai. A secret Army report, commissioned in response to Buckley and Shimkin's investigation but buried for decades, concluded:

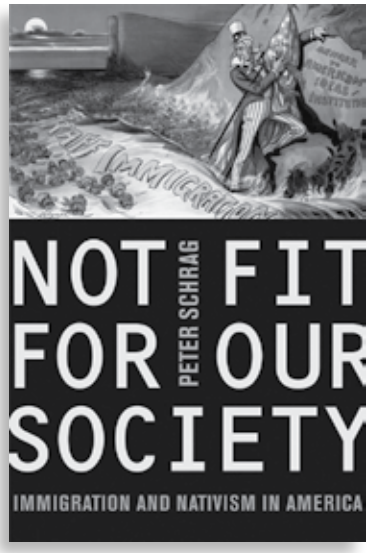
> While there appears to be no means of determining the precise number of civilian casualties incurred by US forces during Operation Speedy Express, it would appear that the extent of these casualties was in fact substantial, and that a fairly solid case can be constructed to show that civilian casualties may have amounted to several thousand (between 5,000 and 7,000).

In both his books Sorley ignores the carnage of Speedy Express. Consequently, his readers, including McChrystal and other Crusaders in the Pentagon book club, taking notes for their own pacification campaign in Afghanistan, are left with a counterfeit history of Abrams's bloodless "better war."

Not all of Sorley's fans, however, labor under the same misconceptions about what the Vietnamese call the American War. In the acknowledgments of his *Vietnam: The History of an Unwinnable War, 1945–1975*, John Prados writes admiringly of the herculean labors of transcription that Sorley—a friend—performed to produce *Vietnam Chronicles*. But Prados's scholarly admiration goes no further. He squarely challenges the contentions of Sorley and others who have, over the years, attempted to recast US and allied efforts in Vietnam as a *Lost Victory* or an *Unheralded Victory*, among other wishfully titled studies [see Rick Perlstein, "The Best Wars of Their Lives," October 15, 2007]. Regarding Sorley's belief that victory was thrown away, Prados writes:

> Most recent commentators of this school call themselves "revisionists," arguing that Americans are wrong to believe they lost the Vietnam war. This is not revisionism, it is neo-orthodoxy.
>
> Something happened in the countryside, but it was not Saigon's victory….
>
> The neo-orthodox commentators of the "lost victory" school make their claims as if the only important elements were pacification and Vietnamization, as if politics did not matter. Not only is this strange, given the kind of conflict—where supposedly everyone now understood the political to be paramount—but those same analysts take no account of Saigon politics.


SOCIETIES AND CULTURES

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For these reasons, General McChrystal would do well to forgo another reading of Sorley's text and instead wade into Prados's *Vietnam*. Steeped in the copious records generated by the US government during the conflict, Prados offers an expansive history, written in a lucid style, that scholars of the war will want to make room for on their shelves and casual readers can accommodate by purging a few faded volumes. Prados, a senior fellow of George Washington University's National Security Archive and the head of its Vietnam Documentation Project, surveys the wars in Vietnam against the Japanese, French and Americans, from 1945 through 1975, and makes smartly written sojourns back to the United States to listen in on White House phone calls and take it to the streets with returning antiwar veterans. Prados demonstrates the dire effects a foreign war can have on the homeland, as criminality abroad acted as a catalyst for an increasingly lawless government at home.

While he ably covers a lot of historical territory in the United States and Southeast Asia (with surprisingly thorough, if brief, treatments of the contiguous conflicts in Cambodia and Laos), Prados is strongest on Nixon's war in Vietnam—the period from 1969 onward—making his book a natural counterweight to Sorley's study of the same period. Through a staggering array of primary and secondary sources, Prados discredits the "better war" thesis and the "neo-orthodox" school through his clear and thorough examination of the increasingly hollow and corrupt South Vietnamese government and its failures to win over the people, which made supposed US pacification successes meaningless.

With devastating clarity, Prados demonstrates that neo-orthodox claims of an increasingly effective South Vietnamese military taking charge, from 1969 onward, are based on smoke and mirrors and outright fabrications. In truth, just as the US military was increasingly wracked by drug use, racial tension, AWOLs, fraggings (attacks on officers and noncommissioned officers, often by fragmentation grenade), combat refusals, mutinies and other disciplinary issues, Saigon's military forces were in dire straits, as draft evaders and deserters thinned the ranks, officers collected the pay of nonexistent "ghost soldiers" and child soldiers were, instead, put into uniform. At the same time, government corruption was rampant. (In one scandal top officials got away with skimming from a tax on soldiers that was designed to aid veterans.) Prados then couples his nuanced study of the ample shortcomings of the South Vietnamese government and armed forces with, more important, an astute analysis of the many "levels and layers of reasons" the revolutionary forces from North and South Vietnam won the war. It's here that Prados really shines and demonstrates what a historian at the height of his powers of scholarly synthesis can accomplish.

Eddie Adams's photographs inadvertently convey the scale of Vietnamese suffering.

Paying attention to the Vietnamese—whether ordinary civilians being slaughtered in the name of pacification or Saigon's political elites emptying the public treasury—has never been a strong suit of American commentators on the war. Consciously written to render the Vietnamese visible in ways too few American histories of the war do, Mark Philip Bradley's important history *Vietnam at War* mines Vietnamese novels, poetry and films, as well as a plethora of recent and often overlooked works of scholarship, to paint a more complete picture of the lived experience of the war for the people of Vietnam. Bradley begins with the millennium-long Vietnamese anticolonial struggle against the Chinese beginning in 111 BC and then chronicles the rise of French colonialism in Indochina during the latter half of the nineteenth century; the often-ignored political and intellectual developments among elites and the economic upheaval and demographic explosion in the countryside during the early part of the twentieth century; and finally the wars of liberation against France and the United States.

Bradley discusses the many ways that ordinary people struggled to "navigate and survive the complicated terrain of wartime South Vietnam." Weaving together disparate threads, from contemporary commentary about changing Vietnamese romantic and sexual mores amid wartime uncertainty ("It's no longer about appreciating love but escaping the sense that one has been abandoned") to social anthropologist Heonik Kwon's recent meticulous and skillful reconstruction of the complex and clandestine networks of social connections that allowed a wounded South Vietnamese officer to defect to the revolutionary side, Bradley offers a social history of wartime Vietnam and of a people in a state of acute crisis. Perhaps the most important aspect of *Vietnam at War*, however, is Bradley's effort to convey the ubiquity of civilian suffering during the American War—the decimation of the countryside, the mass population dislocations, the indiscriminate use of firepower, the collapse of farming, the savaging of the economy, the rampant inflation and the proliferation of a culture of corruption and prostitution among the desperate, war-ravaged Vietnamese. Given the scale of misery caused by the war, Bradley doesn't devote enough attention to the subject. But he makes a noble effort and, even in a slim volume, is stronger on the subject than many thicker histories.

In fact, very few of the more than 30,000 books about the conflict plumb the depths of Vietnamese misery during the American War. One volume that should, by any stretch of the imagination, be counted among them is *Eddie Adams: Vietnam*, but the book—a glossy collection of photos and text—in many ways defies conventions. Most books, for instance, don't begin with an admission of the photographer's opposition to the project. But Adams didn't have a say in the matter. He died several years ago, and *Eddie Adams: Vietnam*—edited by his wife, Alyssa, with text by Hal Buell, Adams's former boss at the Associated Press, as well as short interviews with contemporaries like Morley Safer, Peter Arnett and the late David Halberstam—was published against his wishes.

Adams is best known for his Pulitzer Prize–winning photo of Col. (and later Brig. Gen.) Nguyen Ngoc Loan shooting a defenseless, restrained prisoner at point-blank range in the head with a pistol. (It is the cover image of *Eddie Adams: Vietnam*.) It was a photo, Arnett notes in the opening of the book, that Adams "was sorry for." Adams would later commiserate with Nguyen (known to Americans as "General Loan") at a pizza parlor in Virginia operated by the former general, who immigrated to the United States with help from a friend in the CIA. Adams felt the photo had been used unfairly to vilify Nguyen and not only apologized for his picture but took great pains to excuse the general's actions. "General Loan was killing our so-called 'bad guys,' but the U.S. government kind of disowned him," Adams later lamented. In his introductory piece, Arnett recalls telling Adams that he had captured a moment of

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truth—executions were common but rarely photographed—yet "Eddie, Mister Patriot, just would not accept that. He enjoyed winning the Pulitzer Prize as well as the fame that came with it, but in his heart he felt that he had let the country down."

Adams, who served as a photographer in the Marines during the Korean War, was hardly critical of the US war in Vietnam and maintained a close relationship with the military. Yet while no equal of Philip Jones Griffiths's magisterial *Vietnam Inc.*, a 1971 collection of more than 250 photos documenting the destruction of the Vietnamese people's way of life during the war, *Eddie Adams: Vietnam* almost inadvertently manages to convey the scale of Vietnamese suffering. When defending Nguyen, Adams noted that a picture can lie; yet it can also be said that multiple images can often offer a less cloudy vision of the truth. In Adams's book we see many disturbing scenes: a bound prisoner threatened with a bayonet; another with a spear at his throat; a non-combatant being punched; a woman beckoning Adams and fellow Americans to help her wounded husband, his arm vainly grasping at air as they fly away in their helicopter; a child suspect trussed up with a rifle trained on him, mangled bodies lying in the open; children crouching and wailing in fear as an armed US marine approaches them; a young girl, hands raised to the sides of her head, whose eyes lock on Adams's camera as she runs for cover; and a Saigon demonstrator being threatened with a bayonet.

Whatever his internal conflicts, Adams's fearlessness, skill and fine eye are evident in a picture he shot on April 25, 1965, in Quang Nam province. Crawling on his belly, Adams captured the abject terror on the faces of a mother, crouched low and clutching her baby, and a father, frightened and powerless, shielding his tiny child as marines, their weapons at the ready, stalk through their hamlet searching for the guerrillas who had fired at them from afar. That November, Adams pronounced the shot his favorite. Of all his many magnificent photos, including his iconic shot of the prisoner and Nguyen Ngoc Loan—which many consider the defining photograph of a conflict that produced not a few worthy contenders—this image may capture the essence of the American War as well as any other. The combination of helplessness and sheer terror in the parents' eyes, their inability to do any more for their children than to hold them close and act as human shields while a hulking group of heavily armed foreign teenagers draw fire and return it from their yard, says much about the American War in Vietnam and American warmaking in general.

Several years ago, during a trip through the Mekong Delta, I talked with Nguyen Van Tu, a well-weathered farmer residing in a simple wood-and-thatch home with an earthen floor, likely very similar to the one he lived in during the war. Probably the only major difference was the absence of a nearby bomb shelter. During the war, such bunkers were as ubiquitous as the bombs and artillery shells from which they provided uncertain protection. Year after year, families were forced to live a semi-subterranean existence. But they still had to eat, and that meant farming and foraging out in the open. One afternoon in 1971, Nguyen heard artillery being fired from a nearby base and shouted for his family to bolt to their bunker. They made it. He didn't. A 105-millimeter US artillery shell slammed into the ground near him and ripped off most of his right leg. It was, in fact, one of numerous tragedies he endured as a result of the American War. His brother, a simple farmer, was shot dead by America's South Vietnamese allies in the early years of the conflict. His father was killed just after the war. While tending his garden, he accidentally detonated a US M-79 round—a 40-millimeter shell fired from a single-shot grenade launcher—buried in the soil.

In 2008 I published a story about Nguyen, and thanks to readers' generosity he received a new prosthetic leg to replace the rudimentary wooden model he'd walked with for years. But Nguyen hadn't asked for a new leg; it wasn't what he wanted out of the interview. What he wanted was a story in the US press about the true suffering of the Vietnamese people that would spur the government to "take responsibility" for what it had done during the war. Nguyen was skeptical that an American would tell this story. "Do you really want to publicize this thing?" he asked. "Do you really dare tell everyone about all the losses and sufferings of the Vietnamese people here?"

Nguyen's skepticism was well founded, even if he knew nothing of the Crusaders or their revisionist histories. There's a moment in Petraeus's dissertation when he pauses to take stock of the "impact of America's longest war" and its fallout. He devotes not a word to Vietnamese civilians. There's no mention of women with shrapnel still lurking beneath their skin, or the men with faces melted years ago by incendiary weapons, or the inconsolable people still grieving for mothers, fathers, siblings and children gunned down decades ago. Instead, Petraeus wrote, without apparent irony, that "the psychic scars of the war may be deepest among the Army and Marine Corps leadership."

Drawing too many conclusions from a years-old dissertation is a risky proposition, but Petraeus's writings then and his efforts since raise serious questions about just who he believes has suffered most because of the wars in Iraq and Afghanistan, what role he has played in that misery and the lessons he has drawn from the carnage. Given the Crusaders' cheery (and bizarre) conclusions that Petraeus turned the bloody US war in Iraq into a victory and that his "surge" there offers a template for similar success in Afghanistan, one also worries what dubious lessons the next generation of Crusaders will draw from him and his "better wars." ■

## I can't believe

I'm going to see Bob
Dylan in person

his whole body
at once. If I turn
my head away and then
turn back
and look

he'll still be there. And for this

I'll pay 89 dollars.
He may be lonely.

I would like to see some

visual representation

"of"?

the redistribution of
wealth, that's

of.

REBECCA WOLFF

# The Idea of England

**by SIDDHARTHA DEB**

At regular intervals, after writing a novel set in Europe or America, Caryl Phillips returns to the country that seems to affect him like no other, and that has been as fertile a ground for his imagination as it is barren for his characters. A cosmopolitan traveler who has lived for many years in the United States and whose work often follows the tracks of the black diaspora across Europe, Africa and the Americas, Phillips has nevertheless remained rooted to England. His first novel, published in 1985, was called *The Final Passage*, as if there was no going back for the characters who had left the Caribbean for England: having disposed of their belongings, said farewell to their friends and boarded the ship, they were condemned to stay on in an indifferent mother country, desolate figures shuffling through a grim postwar landscape, their final passage bringing full circle the journey set in motion by the Middle Passage of African slaves shipped by the English to the sugar islands of the West Indies.

If the characters cannot return, the writer, however, can. Phillips's latest novel unfolds in contemporary England, a world, at least in its external markers, far removed from the gray zone etched in *The Final Passage* nearly a quarter-century ago. *In the Falling Snow* pulsates with the bright materialism of New Labour. There are Pizza Express outlets everywhere, bottles of Sancerre are as ubiquitous as bottled water and the municipal councils are so enlightened that they are equipped with race relations units. As for Keith Gordon, the middle-aged protagonist, he belongs to English society in ways that his fictional West Indian predecessors couldn't have imagined. Raised partially by a white stepmother, married for many years to a white woman from the Home Counties, he is also the head of the Race Equality Unit in a government agency in London. Still, from the novel's first scene, in which Keith heads to an assignation with a young co-worker named Yvette, it's clear that some things haven't changed in Phillips's England. Keith may be a smartly dressed urban professional, but he still maps the city into the sections where he belongs and those where he doesn't, as in this suburb, where he sees people fighting the impulse to cross the street as he walks toward them.

**In the Falling Snow**
By Caryl Phillips.
Knopf. 308 pp. $25.95.

There's more, however, to Keith's lacerated sense of self than the edge of racial difference. When he sleeps with Yvette, a recent hire at the Race Equality Unit and herself of European and African descent, the sexual intercourse between them, perceived through Keith's point of view, is layered with details yet stripped of all affect, as if Keith is removed from the act even while it occurs: "He watches as she loses herself in what he imagines is the familiar entanglement of female feelings of guilt and vulnerability, but he is untroubled by her temporary plight." If there is any emotional backlighting to their coupling, it is provided by Keith's regrets about his separation from his wife, Annabelle (caused, so he says, by a single, drunken act of infidelity), and his worries about Laurie, their troubled 17-year-old son. But Keith's feelings about them seem to be on a low setting, emitting a steady but dim glow. The measures he takes to sort out his tangled relationships just make things worse. He terminates the affair with Yvette, in part because he can't commit to being with her beyond their interludes of joyless lovemaking; but he breaks things off so awkwardly, and with such indifference, that she brings a sexual harassment charge against him. When Keith is forced to go on leave by his manager, his isolation is complete.

Despite giving the appearance of experimenting with form, Phillips's fiction has always been steeped in realism, deriving much of its emotional charge by setting the story of a character's education, his or her *Bildung*, in a rich social and historical setting. It seems reasonable therefore to see the central theme of this novel as the unmaking or remaking of Keith in contemporary England, and the novel's third-person narration seems to emphasize this by staying within Keith's point of view, following it closely across rapid shifts in time even as the present tense of the main story ensures that we experience immediate events at roughly the same pace as the protagonist. If this approach demands from us a willing immersion in Keith's life, it also requires that Keith be able to hold our attention, and that the novel animate his existence beyond the situational details (the separation from his wife, the sexual harassment charge and the estrangement from his son) or contextual markers (blackness, masculinity, middle-age alienation and millennial dysfunctionality) that accrete around him.

LAURENT DENIMAL
Caryl Phillips

Keith's confession that he will fill his solitude by pursuing a long-deferred ambition to write a book about soul music, reggae and "World Music" offers just this sort of promise. Another novelist might use this kind of project to signal something about the protagonist and the laws that govern his or her world. With Phillips, one expects him to tap into a vein from his nonfiction writing on music, which includes a superb piece on the R&B singer Marvin Gaye in the essay collection *A New World Order* (2001). The possibility that Keith will engage with Gaye is a tempting one, and not just because the singer's life and work spiraled around race, social unrest and sex. Gaye's death at the hands of his father mirrors, in a different time and place, Keith's uneasy relationship with his father, who lives somewhere in the north, and with his son, who exists in a land of youthful rebellion that Keith can't comprehend, let alone visit.

Yet Keith's passion for music is muted by the novel. It materializes only in a few snippets about bands and singers, some descriptions of the writing pads, Post-it notes and brightly colored paper files in Keith's home office, and far too many reflections on writer's block. By the time Keith admits to wanting to write about the American singer Gil Scott-Heron, all the while worrying about "how much, if anything, his potential British readers will know about the chocolate cities and vanilla suburbs of the United

*Siddhartha Deb, a fellow at Harvard University's Radcliffe Institute, teaches creative writing at the New School. He is working on a nonfiction book about contemporary India.*

States," one feels like telling him just to put the music on and give his readers and himself a blast of Scott-Heron:

> You will not be able to stay home,
> brother.
> You will not be able to plug in, turn
> on and cop out.
> You will not be able to lose yourself
> on skag and
> Skip out for beer during commercials
> because
> The revolution will not be televised.

The characters in Phillips's early work, as far back as his brilliant and fiery first novel, do not leave a reader feeling such impatience. When *The Final Passage* appeared, Phillips was 27, not much older than Zadie Smith was when she published her first novel, *White Teeth*, in 2000, but he already possessed a body of work that included four plays. He had also visited St. Kitts, an island of sixty-five square miles in the eastern Caribbean from which his parents emigrated in 1958, carrying with them a four-month-old son named Caryl. The time spent in St. Kitts may partly explain why Phillips's touch seems so sure in the Caribbean section of *The Final Passage*. The novel opens with a young woman called Leila waiting with her infant son for her husband, Michael, to join her in boarding the SS *Winston Churchill*, but it then loops back to capture their existence on the small, unnamed island from which they are setting sail. The novel displays the confidence of the social-realist tradition Phillips was working within at the time; and in devoting half the book to the story of Leila and Michael before their departure, Phillips establishes their humanity, giving their lives a heft that makes us react especially strongly to what happens to them after the final passage.

**In *The Final Passage*, Phillips did not view the Caribbean through the lens of nostalgia.**

Although Phillips shows how the smallness of the island generates a web of intimate, intersecting relationships, he does not view the place through the filter of nostalgia. If there is great warmth in the friendship between Leila and Millie, who have known each other since childhood, there is also the legacy of colonialism, the discord between generations and the casual disregard men have for women, which in Michael's case veers into acts of cruelty, such as deserting Leila on their wedding night and fathering a child with another woman. Nevertheless, there is no character who is not distinct and who does not arouse our interest and empathy, from the giraffe-like Bradeth and the sharp-tongued Millie to the passenger on the *Winston Churchill* whom we never meet and yet seem to know intimately from the declaration painted on his suitcase: Property of Larrington Seville. To Be Handled With Care. Destined for London College of Law Studies. London. England. Thank You.

Phillips proved himself to be equally accomplished in his second novel, *A State of Independence* (1986), which reversed the journey depicted in *The Final Passage*. It is a quieter work, its subject more unusual, depicting the experience of Bertram Francis, who returns home from England after two decades to find it ready for independence. The island Francis left behind has moved on, as have the people he knew, but Francis himself, in an ironic twist on the usual idea of immigration as progress, is stranded somewhere between England and his island home, unable to accept either English complacency or postcolonial self-satisfaction of the sort Frantz Fanon had in mind when he wrote, in *The Wretched of the Earth*, of a smug national bourgeoisie turning their homeland into a tourist resort for their former imperial masters.

When read alongside the first novel, *A State of Independence* demonstrates not only Phillips's grasp of the complex legacy of colonialism in the Caribbean—particularly how the overt dominance of Britain has been supplanted by the subtler hegemonic role of the United States—but also his sustained focus on people struggling to wrest a sense of belonging, if not of home, from sweeping historical processes. In his subsequent novels, Phillips continued to scrutinize migration, belonging and the black experience, but the tightly structured narratives of the early works gave way to a looser form and a widening lens. His third novel, *Higher Ground* (1989), established what would become a recurring pattern. The book consists of three stories, each centered on a single figure (an African slave, a black American political prisoner and a Polish woman refugee), but the three strands are meant to coalesce as a single narrative in their common themes of oppression and resistance. A powerful historical imagination is at work in these earlier books, especially in the way Phillips creates a specific time, place and character through narrative voice. This ranges from the momentary reflection, as in the case of Emily, the plantation owner's daughter in *Cambridge* (1991), whose attention to details creates a surface of control beneath which lurks the fear of miscegenation ("Mr. Brown tells me that the fruit of no two trees is the same, and that the seeds of the finest mango, though carefully sown and cultivated, seldom result in fruit comparable to the parent stock"), to the retrospective glance, such as the short, choppy opening lines in *Crossing the River* (1993), which launch a century-long journey: "A desperate foolishness. The crops failed. I sold my children."

It is midway through Phillips's career that one senses his considerable talent calcifying into a mannered style. This is a problem that first becomes apparent in his sixth novel, *The Nature of Blood* (1997), where in a story shifting between the fifteenth century and the twentieth, and moving across Amsterdam, Venice, British Palestine and Israel, Phillips attempts to depict a European tribalism that has often waged a brutal war against minorities. Although there are many narratives in the book, the primary one involves the parallel experiences of an African condottiere in Renaissance Italy, based on Othello, and that of a Jewish girl in Nazi Europe, based on Anne Frank. Phillips's anger about racism and his ability to delve into the historical past are undeniable, but despite all the harrowing details, the narrative feels imaginatively poor, and the critical praise the novel garnered seems to have been sparked more by the *frisson* of pairing Anne Frank and Othello than by how they were depicted in the novel.

Phillips has continued to insist on creating a sequence of narratives that are meant to resonate with one another, especially in the juxtaposition of black male and white female characters. The sentiment behind this is admirable, demonstrating that the black experience is not a marginal one, as it is often considered to be, but fundamental to the making of the modern world, as is the experience of women. However, the way Phillips has applied this pattern since *The Nature of Blood* can seem glibly multicultural, capable of being assimilated so rapidly into a liberal discourse of the "Save Darfur" variety that his readers are never forced to engage with the possibility of their complicity in the forces of oppression.

These weaknesses are particularly visible in *A Distant Shore*, the England novel that appeared six years before *In the Falling Snow*. Divided into the stories of Dorothy, a retired English schoolteacher, and Gabriel, an African refugee from a horrific civil war, the novel insists on the human connection being forged between these characters as well as the broad parallel between their experiences. The book's linguistic texture seems to emphasize this connection; although Phillips switches between the first and third person for both Dorothy and Gabriel, all the sections possess a marked sameness of tone, vocabulary and level of detail.

Yet this very uniformity in language creates a sense of incompatibility between the characters. Gabriel's story remains alive through the language chosen for him, in great part because his journey is an epic one, taking him through war and border crossings to the hostile cities of the West. But Dorothy's account, for the most part, sounds flat and stilted: "During the past hour the landlord had twice been outside to ask the youngsters to calm down, but things were clearly out of control.... This was his clientele and to bar them would be to effectively lose his business." If Dorothy's character is her language (with its preponderance of adverbs, which mutate like a virus in Phillips's later work), it is possible to see her, against the grain of what Phillips intends, as slightly clueless and somewhat patronizing toward Gabriel. This makes the novel's insistence that Gabriel's trauma could be healed by Dorothy's tepid warmth rather suspect, bringing it uncomfortably close to a complacent bureaucrat's idea of how an immigrant might be assimilated into a "host" society.

Phillips's latest novel is similarly compromised. There is much that Keith finds wrong with British society, but like Dorothy, whom he resembles in his overdependence on clichés, he cannot express his discontent in a meaningful way. Riding on the tube, Keith reflects:

> Every day now he witnesses packs of these youngsters on the street, or on the tube, or on the buses, swearing and carrying on with a sense of entitlement that is palpably absurd. Each of them seems to believe that he or she is an "achiever," and that they deserve nothing less than what they call "maximum respect."

The novel is thick with such passages, and they are not limited to Keith's thoughts. Many of the characters behave like forensic technicians at a crime scene, plucking samples of clumsy language from the air and dropping them into a quotation bag ("What do you mean by 'the next stage'?" "'Not'? What kind of English is that?" "'In our sphere'? What kind of talk is that?" "Well, excuse me, didn't I just hear you say that you would 'come up in the morning'?").

The patter of the narration is no different from the clatter in the quotation bag, brimming everywhere with clichés and flat dialogue; the only time the novel manages to shake off this blight of language is when it focuses on two characters who are foreigners. The first is a Polish cleaning woman named Danuta, whom Keith meets at a library. There is much that Phillips does well when introducing Danuta into the story. To begin with, she does not appear, as is often the case in Phillips's work, to function as a counterpart to the male protagonist. She is her own character, and the charge she brings into the novel is that of the unknown. Although Phillips skillfully works in her background, showing us how Danuta's life is composed of low-wage work, immigrant striving and touch-and-go relationships, she retains a slightly opaque tint that makes her hard to comprehend. She does not speak very much, but when she does, her tightly structured sentences, prefaced by "Mr. Keith," evoke very well the immigrant's cautious negotiation of an alien world.

The other character who breathes some life into the novel is Keith's father, Earl; he appears toward the end, recuperating in a hospital bed from a heart attack. Throughout the novel, it has been suggested that Keith's difficulties with his son resemble those between Keith and his father. When Earl finally gets his say, he does so in a monologue broken into two parts, beginning with how he arrived in England as a 22-year-old in 1960, continuing through episodes of humiliation, friendship, betrayal and madness, and finishing with the statement "The idea of England is fine.... I can deal with the idea." Like Danuta, Earl handles language differently, but where she is reserved and hesitant, he speaks with a Caribbean fluency, using long, sinuous sentences that unpack an entire life: "So while you know everything about them, daffodil, king this and queen that, poet and lyrical feeling and so forth, Sherlock Holmes, Noël Coward, this statue and that statue, castle and tower, Robin Hood, Lord Nelson, whatever question they care to test you on you have England under control."

Neither Earl nor Danuta can rescue *In*


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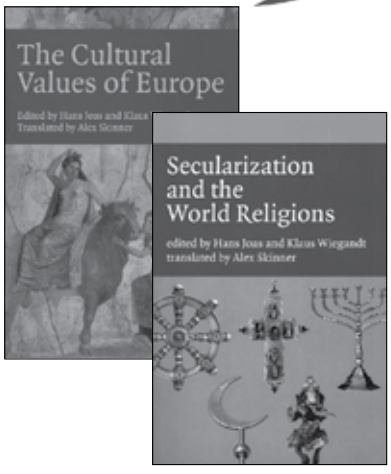
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*the Falling Snow* from its faults. Earl appears too late in the narrative, confined to a minor supporting role in the melodrama of Keith's crisis of masculinity, while Danuta is perfunctorily dispatched with a third of the book remaining, which leaves the novel inexplicably tied to its anodyne protagonist. Before Earl and Danuta are sidelined, however, they show that Phillips's strength lies in looking from the margins at the trauma of arrival rather than attempting to depict the anomie at its center. It is unfortunate that in his recent novels Phillips has chosen to focus so much on the mundane, scavenging social markers—the reversed baseball cap, the iPod, the action film, the bus on the M1—that are never quite transformed into the elements of a compelling vision. It might be possible to bring together, in fictional form, the estranged and the mundane, the bewilderment felt by immigrants trying to make their way in the West and the numbness of those who, having become its citizens, discover that there is no longer such a thing as society in the West, but Phillips has not yet been able to splice the two together. For the time being, they remain divided aspects of his work, existing on opposite sides of a border that cannot be breached. ■

MICHEL KAMMOUN

Gabrielle Bou Rached as Yasmin in *Falafel*

# The Abnormal Norm

**by STUART KLAWANS**

The Beirut glimpsed retrospectively in Randa Chahal Sabag's 1995 documentary *Our Imprudent Wars* is a city of see-through neighborhoods where the apartment buildings are no more than masonry shells punched through with holes; a city where downtown high-rises slowly vanish within clouds of smoke, which roll up from the streets to engulf them, and the public sculptures—those embodiments of civic aspiration—lift up metal hands that are leprous with bullet scars. To see this place is to wonder how a living city could ever rise here again. To meet the primary witnesses in Sabag's film—notably her sister the political activist, once a leader in the OACL (Communist Action Organization in Lebanon), and her brother the former gunman, instinctively distrustful of politicians but for years willing to fight in their "little wars"—is to wonder how the people of Beirut, no less than the urban fabric, could ever again be made whole.

These dual questions are at the heart of the series "The Calm After the Storm: Making Sense of Lebanon's Civil War," organized by the Film Society of Lincoln Center and ArteEast and presented at Lincoln Center's Walter Reade Theater, May 5-15. (A selection from the series will later travel through North America.) A handful of the twenty-one feature-length films in the program date from before the civil war, to give viewers a notion of an earlier Lebanese cinema. A significant number of others were made during the years of fighting. But more than half are postwar pictures, in which a semblance of normality seems to have returned to the present-day cityscape, if not to the people who pass through it. Except for the uncommon number of construction sites, Beirut in these films looks like any traffic-choked Western capital, full of shops and food stalls and neon-lit clubs where young people go searching for one another. But in these films it seems as if there's always a missed connection between the characters, with a hint of something disturbing and irrational lurking in the gap; always a trace of violence, or more than a trace, and the emergence, as if by fate, of a handgun.

Joana Hadjithomas and Khalil Joreige give this postwar tour of Beirut a brooding, melancholic form in *A Perfect Day* (2005): the story of twenty-four outwardly uneventful but inwardly busy hours in the lives of Claudia (Julia Kassar) and her grown son, Malek (Ziad Saad). On this day, with a mixture of dread and numb determination, they at last request that their husband and father be declared legally dead, fifteen years after he disappeared in the civil war. Together, they accept their loss—except that they don't accept it, and they're mostly alone. Claudia goes back almost without interruption to waiting silently in the apartment, listening for her man's return, while Malek leaves her to chase after his obsession: a young woman (Alexandra Kahwagi) who looks to him like the Last Chance, even though she keeps insisting she's through with him.

*A Perfect Day* keeps Malek in continual movement as he drives back and forth through the city, texts his dismissive lover and occasionally even shows up at a job site. (He is a construction manager, helping to put up some of those new buildings you see everywhere on the skyline.) But this is also a film of inescapable stasis. Though he's a man with a good, strong stubble on his Alexander the Great profile, Malek still lives in his childhood room, sleeping in a narrow bed beneath his schoolboy map of the world. And he sleeps everywhere else, too, being subject to fits of narcolepsy that can abruptly leave him passed out on a concrete bench near the beach or unconscious behind the wheel of his car amid furiously honking traffic. Malek's mother may justifiably accuse him of callousness for abandoning her on this devastating day. To the audience, though, he's just dreamy and distracted, thanks to an incurable drowsiness that seems to seep out of him into the prevailing atmosphere of the movie.

There's a saving humor in the atmosphere,

too: in the brusque flirtatiousness of a doctor who is supposed to be treating Malek for sleep apnea but prefers to sneak a cigarette with him, or in the succession of ring tones that Malek idly scrolls through on his mobile phone, each one more apologetic, forlorn or depressed than the last. (He chooses the one titled "Oops.") Graveyard chuckles. They keep you going through a movie that, on the whole, is a mood piece about a dangerous torpor—a postwar condition, evidently, that at the end has Malek driving about in willful blindness while his sleepless mother waits in an armchair, gun in hand, for someone to open the apartment door.

Translate this melancholy into absurdist laughter, and the lassitude into an itchy exasperation, and you've got the mood of another city tour in the series: Michel Kammoun's wryly entertaining *Falafel* (2006). Here the protagonist, Tou (Elie Mitri), is wide awake as he rides his moped through present-day Beirut toward a dance party with his buddies and his heartthrob, Yasmin (Gabrielle Bou Rached). Though he's a scuffling guy without much money, Tou has the hair and beard of a hipster Sufi (the kindness, too) and knows how to shimmy up to a girl with loose-limbed, self-confident charm; and so his chances with Yasmin would be pretty good, if things around him didn't keep getting crazily out of hand. While filling the tank of his moped, he witnesses a kidnapping just outside the gas station. While engaged in a promising chat with Yasmin, he is interrupted by an uproar over his very drunk pal Abboudi (Issam Bou Khaled), who had tried to flatter a woman by grabbing her breasts and is now locked in the bathroom, weeping and apologizing to the world. These incidents are mere inconveniences, though, compared with the precipitating event, in which a well-connected "businessman" gets into a parking lot argument with another of Tou's buddies, takes out a pistol and smashes it against Tou's head.

That's enough to turn easygoing Tou into a moped-riding avenger, roaring through the Beirut night in a blood-red shirt (he's changed for the occasion) until he gets satisfaction—or, rather, until the moped breaks down and he has to walk. Off he trudges, like a Lebanese version of the hero of Martin Scorsese's *After Hours*, through random blunders and confrontations, while his unsteady friends, alarmed, search just as randomly for him. The threat of irreversible violence mounts; and then it dissipates, in fulfillment of a prophecy that had been uttered to Tou earlier that evening in a falafel shop. Imagine, if you will, an antigravitational falafel ball, a falafel ball that alone of its kind can rise above its own deep-fried nature. It's like imagining that one injured and humiliated Lebanese man, out of millions, might miraculously forgo revenge.

Imagine freedom. That's what Kammoun ultimately does in *Falafel*—with enough tartness, and enough of a sense of the fragility of normal life, to make his moment of ground-chickpea whimsy go down easily.

I wish I could say the same for the magical conceits of *The Kite* (2003). This is the final film by Randa Chahal Sabag, which is unfortunate—because she died, tragically, at too young an age, and also because she ought to have finished with something better.

Set on the border between Lebanon and Israel, where members of families have been cut off from one another, *The Kite* is a relentlessly, lifelessly symbolic story about a brave, defiant and beautiful teenager, Lamia (Flavia Bechara), who suffers and triumphs and at last transcends not only borders but death itself. When I compare this fussy stuff to the harsh, probing honesty of Sabag's *Our Imprudent Wars*, I

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feel as if she had let herself backslide from responsibility to piety. In the documentary, Sabag recorded her sister's disgust at the Lebanese habit (as she saw it) of ascribing their wars to other people, "as if they were fought by Martians." But in *The Kite*, Sabag made her own contribution to Martian-think, locating all violence (and all moral falseness) on the Israeli side of the wire. Yes, I know what the Israeli invasions have done to the south of Lebanon; I know about the cluster bombs, the assaults on civilians and all the rest. I also know an evasion when I see one. When *The Kite*'s leaden thaumaturgy gave out its final clunk, I was glad to see it go—and more convinced than ever that the Middle East is one place in the world where magical thinking should not be encouraged.

But nothing is wished away, and nothing evaded, in Mohamed Soueid's *My Heart Beats Only for Her* (2008), an essay film that is by far the most impressive of the pictures I was able to see in the Lincoln Center series. As wide-ranging and intelligent as a Chris Marker documentary, and as determined to look facts in the face, Soueid's film is on one level a group portrait of revolutionaries in retirement: comfortable, middle-aged men shown talking with pleasure about their years as Fatah militants. On a second level, the film is a fiction told in voiceover, in which a young man named Hassan (a surrogate for Soueid himself) tries to reconstruct the exploits of his late father, Hatem Hatem: film buff, motorcycle enthusiast and Fatah fighter. On yet another level, the film is a critical history, related through archival footage, of Fatah's ideological emulation of the Vietcong, its training in North Vietnam and its determination to make Beirut a second Hanoi. And on a fourth level, *My Heart Beats Only for Her* is a travelogue, taking you from old Hanoi (the Arab dream city of the past) to the Arab dream city of today: Dubai. Indeed, on the evidence of the contemporary footage, Hanoi itself now looks to be running as fast as it can down Dubai's road of shopping malls and spec skyscrapers—and the former militants, taking a break from humming their old battle anthems, admit that there's no resisting real estate development.

Maybe Soueid's interview subjects mourn the passing of their machine-gun days. (As one of them says, in a line that could sum up much of the Lincoln Center series, "I wish I could live in war that went on forever—but where nobody got killed.") Soueid, though, seems to have no regrets, despite his deadpan disdain for the rise of Dubai. Addressing the fictional Hatem Hatem in voiceover and judging what this radical father accomplished through all his fighting, Soueid concludes, "You came closer to Cambodia than Hanoi."

*My Heart Beats Only for Her* is a challenging, idiosyncratic, utterly personal response to the new normality of Lebanon, and to the horrendous abnormality that still lingers from the past. In its formal and intellectual sophistication, it stands out among the films in "The Calm After the Storm"; but in another way, it is very much a part of the whole. Most of the films in this series are direct evidence in themselves of a society being patched back together, since the film industry (such as it was) may be numbered among all the other elements of Lebanese life that were blasted apart in the wars. Now, against all odds, the cinema has returned but on a different basis, with each film being realized only through the power of individual artistic determination, coupled with a feverish drive for co-production funds.

It's as if all those new towers in Beirut had somehow been put up by artisanal labor, done whenever the architect-contractor happened to have a little money.

Extremely Short Takes: Moviegoers who are interested in the city tours of "The Calm After the Storm" will surely want to seek out Bahman Ghobadi's *No One Knows About Persian Cats*, an often exhilarating excursion through Tehran's underground music scene. (Speed metal is big, as is indie rock performed in English. Who knew?) Moviegoers curious about surprise crossovers in Middle Eastern film may enjoy a beautifully realized adaptation of Anton Chekhov's novella *The Duel*, directed by the Georgian-born Israeli filmmaker Dover Kosashvili, shot in Croatia (substituting for the Caucasus) and performed by a partly Irish cast. Somehow, this works, and is available for inspection in New York at Film Forum. As for moviegoers who just want a good time, they should watch for Ken Loach's soon-to-be-released *Looking for Eric*: a thoroughly delightful fable about a depressed postman in Manchester who is rescued from despair by his mates at work (who transform themselves into a therapy group for him), some marijuana filched from his teenage son and the hallucinatory intervention of his hero, the great Manchester United striker Eric Cantona. "You must say *non*," Cantona advises the beleaguered postman. "In French!" And to *Looking for Eric*, you must say *oui*. ■

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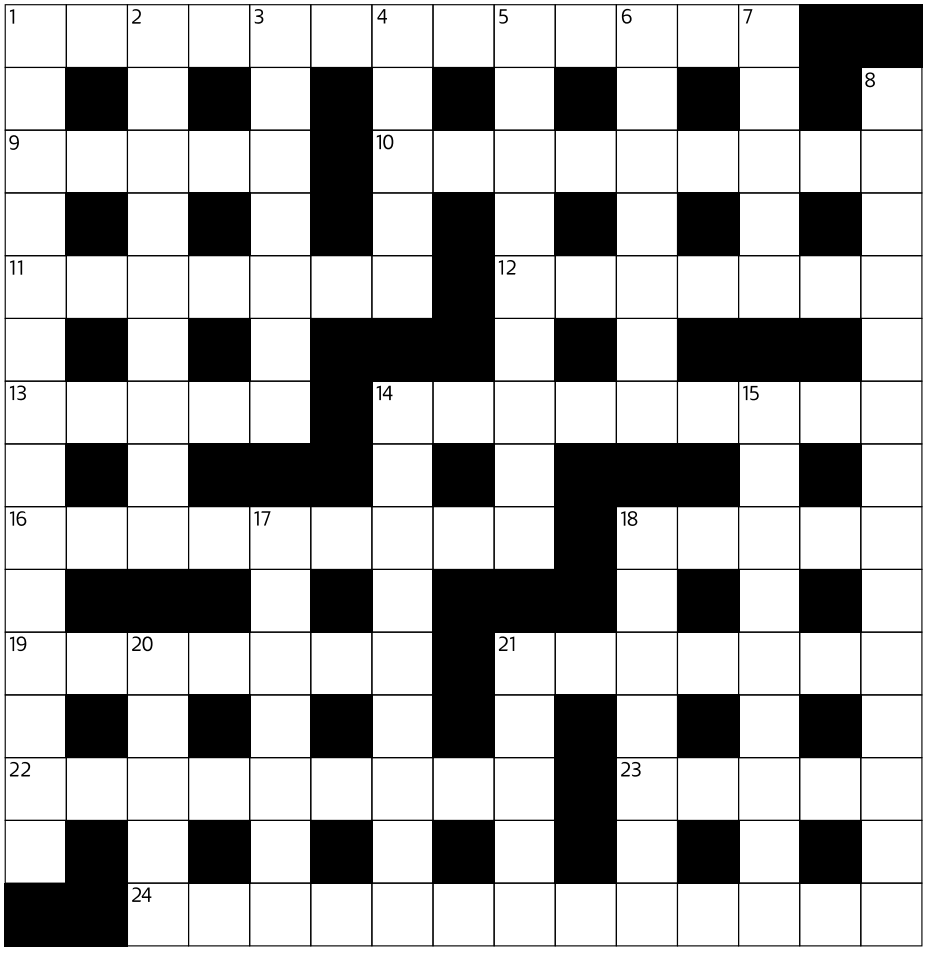

## ACROSS

**1** Such people as Johnson? They might handle some of your security problems by design. (13)

**9** Draws the line when it comes to regulations! (5)

**10** Spreads it on thick, obviously. (7,2)

**11** City of New York, especially if South instead of West. (7)

**12** Part of the Capitol tour, and not well managed. (7)

**13** Colors associated with St. Louis, possibly. (5)

**14** He cashed a check for possible capital problems. (9)

**16** A long time ago, or possibly just over 50 years? (6,3)

**18** A clever saying, conjecturally, by design? (5)

**19** Run of the mine or clay pit, possibly. (7)

**21** English poet, good enough when young but a wonder at fifty! (7)

**22** One way to change nacre into tin? (9)

**23** Certainly not the 14 down part. (5)

**24** 20 are undue trouble when retired. (13)

## DOWN

**1** See 8 down

**2** Not necessarily speaking with a forked tongue. (9)

**3** Cattlemen didn't like such birds. (7)

**4** Even the smartest set possibly includes the underground types of London. (5)

**5** Change is eternal at such change. (9)

**6** Was she improved by her midnight habits? (7)

**7** In short, is she to seek judgment? (5)

**8** and **1** down Evidently a whisper is appropriate with the president's club. (5,6,3,5,1,3,5)

**14** The queen of the maritime service? Bill might mention her first! (9)

**15** The language of a feverish child, when about 10? (9)

**17** Most of the class is in the pen, conceivably, so hold close! (7)

**18** Obviously a piece by a French composer. (7)

**20** Shows signs of being almost worn out clothes! (5)

**21** Less than bright part of the room, or only appearing so. (5)

This puzzle originally appeared in the May 13, 1968, issue.

## SOLUTION TO PUZZLE NO. 771

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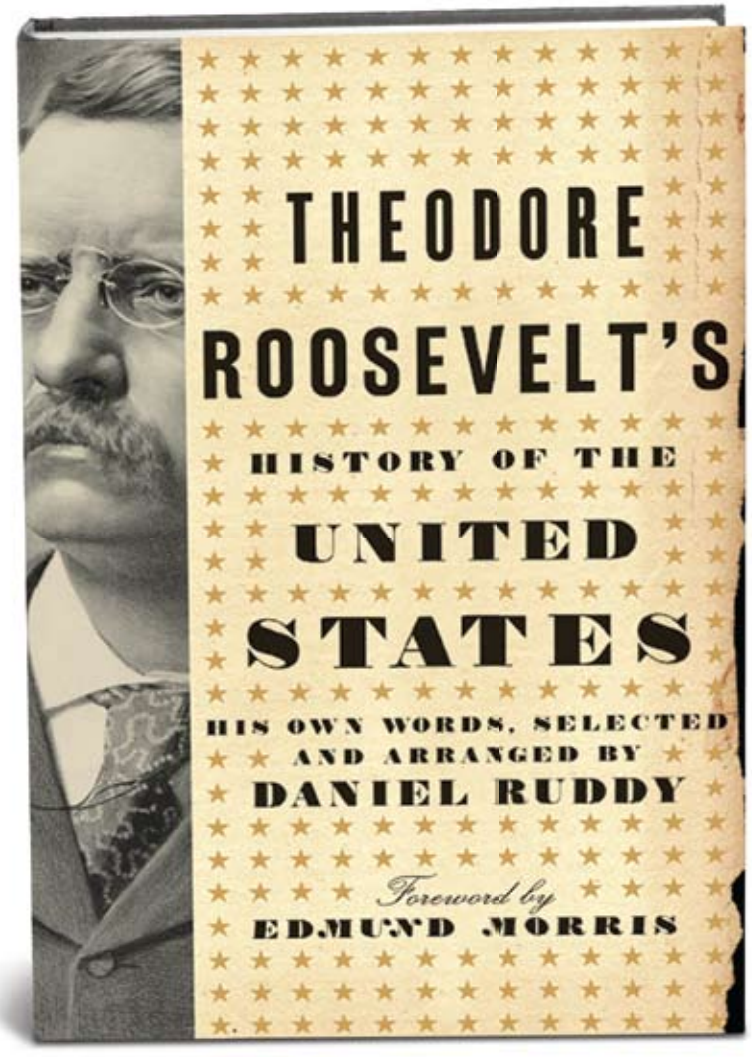


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